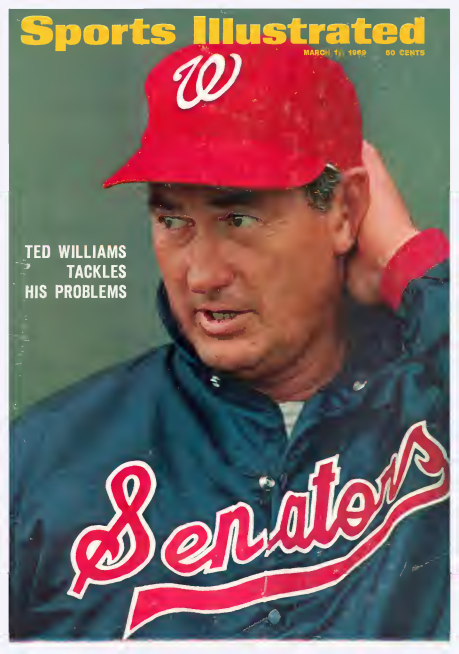


Sports Illustrated

MARCH 1, 1969 60 CENTS

TED WILLIAMS
TACKLES
HIS PROBLEMS

Senators





You can judge a beer by its cover!

This is one best seller that “tells all” right on the label.
Read it and you’ll appreciate the inside story even more.

Budweiser is the King of Beers.

(But you know that.)

Is fishing becoming a push-button sport?

Suggest to a fisherman his catch is anything less than the end result of his own skills and you might end up in the lake or brook or ocean.

We couldn't agree more.

But, Advancements in tackle design have made it possible for millions to be a little more skillful in a comparatively short time.

Advancements like UNI-SPIN®, the True Temper/Bronson fishing system that makes fishing almost push-button easy.

It comes complete with push-button reel and a rod with three interchangeable tip sections of varying action. You can tailor your outfit for your kind of fishing.

And you get UNI-SPIN® in two models: "63" for fresh water, model "66" for salt water.

This is the kind of thing the sportsmen at True Temper do to make sports sportier.



TRUE TEMPER®

action products for action people

Home, garden and lawn tools, golf shafts, fishing and ski equipment.



We put our best foot forward.

We believe America's No. 1 people
(our customers) deserve
America's No. 1 cars (GM).

So we feature them. That's one reason we grew twice as fast as our competitors last year and now are No. 2 in locations (more than 1600). There are other reasons, too: we accept most recognized credit cards, give S&H Green Stamps, keep the best conditioned fleet and are the first to offer guaranteed reservations. How about it? Can we put ourselves in your shoes?

The customer
is always No. 1

**NATIONAL
CAR RENTAL**



CADILLAC



PONTIAC



BUICK



OLDSMOBILE



CHEVROLET

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, gross circulation: Kiewiteller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James A. Lister, President; Richard D. McKaughy, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash Continental U.S. subscriptions: \$9 a year, Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands \$10 a year, airway postpaid anywhere in the world \$6 a year, all others \$14 a year.

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Next week

ALIVE AND KICKING up a fan, the NBA's Atlanta and San Francisco are conceding nothing to Los Angeles. A preview by Alfred Wright of the hot pro playoffs in the West.

JELLY BEANS transformed Charlie Hickson into the best swimmer in the world, but he is best known on the Indiana campus as the coach of the Phi Delta Theta lake riders.

GIL AND WILDERNESS rarely coexist with ease. Today in the majestic Brooks Range of Alaska the two meet head-on to provide a test of man's ability to use without destroying.

A message to Jack Benny:

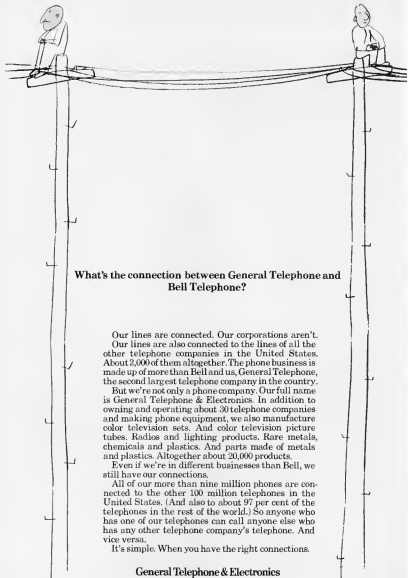
"Roses are red.
Violets are blue.
Fill up with Sky Chief,
And we'll all love you."



The Ken Murphys are a Texaco family. But their interest in getting Mr. Benny to fill up with Sky Chief is not just selfish. Sky Chief is a gasoline that can give better mileage, because it keeps deposits from building up on engine valves better than any other leading gasoline. The Murphys thought that would interest Mr. Benny. Sky Chief can drive down the cost

of driving and save money. They thought that would interest him, too. Yet, day after day, Mr. Benny keeps coming in to his Texaco Retailer to buy only one gallon at a time. The way Ken Murphy sees it, if Mr. Benny would fill up, he could save even more. Texaco Sky Chief—it's one reason more and more people trust their car to the man who wears the Texaco star.





What's the connection between General Telephone and Bell Telephone?

Our lines are connected. Our corporations aren't.

Our lines are also connected to the lines of all the other telephone companies in the United States. About 2,000 of them altogether. The phone business is made up of more than Bell and us, General Telephone, the second largest telephone company in the country.

But we're not only a phone company. Our full name is General Telephone & Electronics. In addition to owning and operating about 30 telephone companies and making phone equipment, we also manufacture color television sets. And color television picture tubes. Radios and lighting products. Rare metals, chemicals and plastics. And parts made of metals and plastics. Altogether about 20,000 products.

Even if we're in different businesses than Bell, we still have our connections.

All of our more than nine million phones are connected to the other 100 million telephones in the United States. (And also to about 97 per cent of the telephones in the rest of the world.) So anyone who has one of our telephones can call anyone else who has any other telephone company's telephone. And vice versa.

It's simple. When you have the right connections.

General Telephone & Electronics



Big arrival: All new 1969 Imperial

(with Budd-built parts).

The all new Imperial Le Baron 2-Door Hardtop is big on everything. Leg room,

Shoulder room. Hip room. Trunk room.

The largest engine ever for a Chrysler-made car. A strong, quiet body.

Unseen rubber cushions to cushion the jolts of the road. Disc brakes for sure, quick stops. And then there's just the pure luxury of going Imperial. Another one of the 29 leading cars with quality components* made by

THE Budd COMPANY
AUTOMOTIVE DIVISION • DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Wherever you look, you see Budd

*Budd products include fenders, hoods, roofs, doors, body panels, chassis frames, wheels, hubs, drums, drum and disc brakes, and disc brake parts.

STACY-ADAMS



Stacy-Adams sets the pace...so do the men who wear them

The lines are smooth, the strap is strapped and good for comfort. There is a subtle luminescent character to the textured calfskin. Casual elegance on a good fitting last. Style 467 in black and style 468 in antique jade green. Stacy-Adams Shoes: \$32.00 to \$100.00. Stacy-Adams Co., Brockton, Mass. 02403, Established 1875.

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Jefferson City, Mo. 65107



AWAKE TO THE COLORFUL, WONDERFUL, WORLD OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



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SHOPWALK

Two new motorbikes are designed for heavy duty in rough and remote areas

It is an oddity of marketing when a vehicle is offered to buyers not for its speed but because it goes slow. In the case of two new motorcycles, the makers are urging as a supreme advantage the fact that they positively creep. Both are designed not for racing, or for such speed as the law allows on the highways, but for use in remote areas where roads are mere trails (and sometimes nonexistent) and where the challenge is not to get there fast but to get there at all.

One of the bikes is the Trail-Breaker, a sturdy, 185-pound vehicle, built by Rokon, Inc., of Keene, N.H. The Trail-Breaker is designed to climb mountains, explore forests and deserts and is guaranteed to go places that even a pack animal can't manage. It will (according to the makers) climb grades up to 60 degrees, with no pushing required, and can manage the narrowest trails, though at the speed of a turtle. Rokon says the Trail-Breaker can ford streams up to 24 inches deep, and its hot engine will not fail even if plunged into cold water. In deeper waters the machine can be made to float on its side like a raft because of flotation chambers in its drum-type wheels. Trail-Breaker can be started either by the conventional kick starter or by an auxiliary rope-pull starter, with the latter method recommended for restarts if the machine gets caught in deep mud, sand or snow. A two-wheel drive system allows each wheel to find its own rotation speed when climbing over or going through obstacles, and a high-ground clearance of 15 inches minimizes some of the hazards of rough terrain travel.

Optional accessories include a front cargo rack that will take on 75 pounds of extra weight. The bike can carry as much as 400 pounds without being hampered in performance or manipulation. A foldaway tow bar, which mounts on the rear axle, permits the driver to pull a trailer weighing another 650 pounds.

What makes this particular motorcycle especially adaptable in rough terrain is the drive arrangement by which the front and rear wheels operate independently of each other, causing a "push-pull" action that gets the machine through mud, snow or other difficult terrain. "The two-wheel drive," says Orin Larson, president of Rokon, Inc., "takes a little getting used to in manipulating turns, since you're actually pulling in two different directions, but with practice the problems diminish."

For most sportsmen, the appeal of the Trail-Breaker is probably limited. Hunters and fishermen don't ordinarily want to take on a long journey—even with a two-wheel drive—before the fun starts and will settle

continued



Gentle Soul

His wife's responsible. She gentled this North American driver and taught him to take a wife's eye view of things. Now, when he swings his North American crew into action to move your precious belongings, he sees to it that every item is given the care and tender

handling it deserves. Gentleness is the hallmark of a North American crew. They've been trained to help you make your moving day as easy and pleasant as possible. Their care and courtesy have won them recognition as "the gentlemen of the moving industry." When your

family is about to move up, call the gentlemen from North American. To plan ahead, write for your free copy of "How To Buy A Move." It's another North American wife guard extra. Write to North American Van Lines, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46801.



sport a sprite



It's the newest import from England—a series of caravans designed to conserve your athletic abilities for when you get there.

No longer must you herd a heavy travel trailer down the road—even if you drive a small or intermediate-sized foreign or American car. Sprite is designed for light-weight comfort.

It comes in three sizes: light but roomy, light but roomier, and light but roomiest. Hitch weight is one-quarter or less than comparable American trailers (100 pounds is tops). Result: No expensive hitch installation. Because of independent suspension and shocks,



and low center of gravity, it holds the road with maximum safety. Driver fatigue is non-existent, and its powerful brakes are far superior to those of American trailers of comparable size.

You won't find the Sprite encumbered by all the "luxury" features which make native trailers heavy and difficult to handle. You will find it uncommonly spacious, uncommonly comfortable, uncommonly illuminated, thanks to its large, see-through windows. In short, Sprite more than fulfills a specific need for a specific group of people who somehow or other lack the herd instinct—the people who own small cars and want a caravan to match.

So be a sport. Drop us a line and we'll send you the name of your nearest Sprite dealer pell-mell. He'll happily arrange for you to take a test tow. After that light workout we think you'll be eager to pick up Sprite's option.



Caravans International Imports, Inc.
Dundalk Marine Terminal
2700 Broening Highway
Baltimore, Maryland 21222

Please send me the new full-color Sprite Brochure, together with the name of my nearest American or Canadian dealer.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

CI—world's largest travel trailer manufacturer.

Dept. SI

Sprite caravans—
the happy wanderers



SHOPWALK continued

for places accessible to more usual transportation. There may be a rugged type here and there who knows about game or a mountain stream out of reach except by air—or a Trail-Breaker. The company's hope is that the machine will be useful to agencies concerned with fire fighting and other conservation problems in hard-to-reach areas.

Trail-Breaker's manufacturers are doing their best to sell their bikes to sking area authorities, Forest Service personnel and landowners in an attempt to open up trails previously closed to two-wheel vehicles. Trail-Breaker retails at \$695.

Less expensive, smaller and only slightly less robust than the Trail-Breaker is another two-wheeled remote area traveler, furnished in a kit for home assembly, called the Heathkit "Boonie-Bike." This is manufactured by Heath Company of Benton Harbor, Mich. and retails for \$189.95. Whereas Rokon admits that its machine may find some mountaintop territory troublesome, Heath's bike will scamper around such challenging regions "like a mountain goat," according to a factory representative—a slow goat perhaps but a goat nonetheless.

The Boonie-Bike, which made its unexpected debut at the New York Boat Show, of all places, is still so new that customers may have to wait for lights, horns and other accessories not yet available. The manufacturer emphasizes that the bike is not a main, though it weighs only 140 pounds without accessories, and will fit into car trunks, boats or on luggage racks.

The Boonie's rear tire is a giant 18 inches by 8.50 flotation type, designed to give maximum traction for pushing through mud, sand, snow, gravel, tall weeds and rough underbrush. Its most interesting feature is a ski accessory that clamps onto the front wheel and converts the Boonie from trail bike to snow bike. The ski weighs 12 pounds and costs \$16.95, is equipped with a "grip lock" attachment and can be mounted to the front axle without the removal or addition of any parts or the use of any tools. It is, says Heath, ideal for winter hunting and for towing skiers or tobogganers. The Boonie has a five hp, four-cycle engine, a two-speed chain-drive transmission and an automatic centrifugal clutch. A three-quart tank holds enough gas to carry the rider 60 miles before refueling.

Remote area travelers like Trail-Breaker and Boonie were never meant to be speed demons on flat surfaces. The Trail-Breaker toots along on the flat at only about 20 mph; the lighter Boonie-Bike can manage 30 mph. Inquiries about the Trail-Breaker should go directly to Rokon, Inc., 160 Emerald St., Keene, N.H. 03431. Inquiries about the Boonie-Bike should be addressed to Heath Company, Benton Harbor, Mich. 49022.

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

Everybody looks down on us.

Wear Mansfields and you get used to people looking down at them. Wondering about the fine styling. Wondering how you can afford shoes that look outrageously expensive. And you smile to yourself, knowing that Mansfields cost much less than people think. Despite their styling, their craftsmanship, their fine leathers. Another thing: try not to bump into people. You'll be looking down a lot, too.



MANSFIELDS

By Bostonian...they only look expensive

Mansfields start at \$17.95. (Slightly higher in the West.) Write for name of nearest dealer, Bostonian Shoes, Weyman, Mass.



For knit-pickers: two more for the road from The-Men's-Store.

In case you haven't heard, if you want to be "in" when you're out, you better be in a knit jacket.

Take your pick.

Up front, our convertible model.

Convertible because you can wear the collar flat or zipped into a sporty turtleneck. Other equipment includes slash pockets and set-in sleeves with two-button adjustable cuffs. In navy, yellow, medium blue or medium green—with white zipper closure.

Then there's our circle shoulder model. With knit cadet collar, full front and back circular yoke and the same kind of pockets, sleeves and cuffs as the convertible. In yellow, navy, toast or medium green.

Both knits are wash 'n wear 'n wear 'n wear. Because they're both knit from 100% Orlon® acrylic bonded to 100% acetate tricot.

Pick a knit, under \$15 each. And charge it on Sears Revolving Charge.



Photographed at the
San Francisco Playboy Club

Sears

The Men's Store

The store within a store at Sears, Roebuck and Co.

"My Apex



**shaft
outperforms
steel or aluminum."**

Here is dramatic proof:

The schematic diagram at right shows actual performance results of Ben Hogan APEX™ shafts when compared to aluminum and conventional steel—dramatic proof that APEX shafts can give you greater distance and tighter dispersion patterns.

The wedding of APEX shafts with the 1969 Ben Hogan® clubheads produces the most precise pieces of golfing equipment ever made—the BEN HOGAN 1+ Irons™... and the BEN HOGAN Speed Slot™ Woods—giving you the edge on distance and accuracy.



See your golf professional for an amazing scientific report on the performance of APEX shafts.



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SCORECARD

PERIL AT YELLOW RIVER

After the Yellow River Raceway disaster in which 12 spectators were killed and more than 40 injured, drag racer Arnie Berwick testified that Yellow River, an unsanctioned track, was "completely unsafe" and that he and other nationally known drivers compete at such "Mickey Mouse places only because that's the way we make a living. We've got to have exposure."

Perhaps. But if drag racing is really the legitimate sport it claims to be, the national associations that purport to govern it should agree at once on certain firm rules, the simplest and most effective of which would ban from sanctioned drag tracks any driver who competes in outlaw races at wild-cat strips.

PONY BOY

Bill Vecek, the old baseball hotshot, is the new president of Suffolk Downs, the horse track near Boston, and he plans to put the same kind of jazz he popularized in baseball into Thoroughbred racing. His target is the fans, as it was in his ball parks in Cleveland, St. Louis and Chicago. As a starter, he has established a flat \$1.50 admission charge for both grandstand and clubhouse. Last season a clubhouse ticket cost \$2.50.

"It's daring and probably a little bit stupid," Vecek says, "and it may cost us as much as \$350,000. But the way I figure it, anybody who comes in here should be able to enjoy all the facilities."

"When I ran a baseball team, I never had a stadium club or anything exclusive like that. I had picnic grounds in the outfield, and they were open to everybody. This is the same idea. Why should certain customers enjoy air conditioning while everybody else in the place sweaters?"

Vecek also plans to upgrade the quality of the racing. He'll stage a \$200,000 turf race, the 2-mile Yankee Gold Cup, on June 28. It will be the richest and longest turf race in the country. He is

thinking, too, of a Lady Godiva Stakes for fillies, ridden by lady jockeys (presumably dressed in silks), in which the winning rider will receive a bonus of a million trading stamps.

He is refurbishing the plant with fresh paint and new designs ("Dream," he told his architects, "and I'll dream along with you"), and is spending \$200,000 to modernize the rest rooms ("Next to a winner, what a better likes is a clean rest room, especially the women").

He is also in the market for a steam calliope, which figures.

A LITTLE EDUCATION

One major league manager last summer took copies of the hitting articles by Ted Williams that appeared in this magazine (SI, June 10, 1968 *et seq.*) and distributed them to his players as required reading. Naturally, the manager was Jim Lemon, who this winter lost his job as manager of the Washington Senators to Williams. Unbitter, Lemon still insists, "Those were the best pieces ever written about hitting. I don't feel so bad, knowing that Ted Williams replaced me."

REALLY FLIPPED

Jerry Colangelo, general manager of the Phoenix Suns of the NBA, is making a month-long promotion out of the forthcoming Lew Alcindor coin flip. Phoenix, which is certain to finish last in the Western Division, will toss with the last-place Eastern team, probably Milwaukee, to determine which team gets first pick in the NBA draft. The winner will select Alcindor, of course, and then engage the ABA in a contract-waving contest.

The big question right now in Arizona is: if the Suns call, should they say heads or tails? Since this obviously is too profound a decision to be left to a spur-of-the-moment brain wave, the Suns are polling spectators at their remaining games.

"We'll go by what the majority decides," says Colangelo. Further, a draw-

ing will be held to select a fan to travel to the coin-tossing ceremony. "If we get to make the call," declares Colangelo, "our fans will be a real part of the biggest coin flip in sports history."

And if the Suns lose the toss, the representative fan probably will have to walk home.

VERY INTERESTING

A report from Germany says that the chief of the future Olympic press center in Munich has what he thinks is a marvelous idea. He is tired of this new Olympic habit—only one Olympics old, to be sure—of having a pretty girl run into the stadium with the Olympic torch at the opening ceremonies. What he would like to do is combine the marathon and the opening ceremonies: instead of being the last event of the track and field program, the marathon would be the first. As the lead runner neared the stadium toward the end of the 26-mile 385-yard grind, he would be handed the torch!



What a sight, what significance: the winner of the most treasured gold medal in the Games carrying his torch past the cheering thousands!

Unhappily, a couple of nagging doubts keep cropping up. A prize tour de force at the opening ceremonies has been the smooth, driving, unhesitating sprint by the torchbearer up the steep stairway that climbs from the track to the very topmost part of the stadium. There, hardly puffing, he—or she—plunges the torch into the cauldron, which stays lighted for the duration of the Games.

continued



You know that blank feeling.

Tires are a strange world. Tube or tubeless? Two-ply or four-ply? Bias or radial or bias-belted? Premium or first-line or cheap?

Just what is "good"?

Try a Dunlop dealer, from the Yellow Pages. He's a pro. No stories or "bargains." Just excellent tires like these radials. At reasonable prices.

He'll tell you what is right for your car and driving. And why.

And if he starts sounding like Dunlop invented the tire, it's all right. We did.



DUNLOP

... means quality in tires, trucks and golf.
Buffalo, N.Y. 14240

SCORECARD *continued*

Somehow we can't envisage a man who has just run 26 miles, 385 yards dashing up that stairway with élan.

And another point. Suppose the marathon develops into a stretch duel, with two—or even three or four—men fighting for the lead as they approach and enter the stadium? Does this mean that when a man wrests the lead away from an opponent, he must wrest the torch away, too?

Never mind. Go ahead and try it, Germany. It may result in a few third-degree burns, but it's bound to be one hell of a show.

A VOICE CRYING

The Northeast corner of the United States is brimming with people. 50 million souls are jammed into an area two-thirds the size of Texas, and along with New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh and Buffalo, there are two dozen other cities with populations of 100,000 and up.

No wonder, then, that the quiet state of Vermont, which has only five towns with more than 10,000 people and whose metropolis, Burlington, had only 35,531 at the last census, is an oasis of peace for frantastic Easterners. And no wonder, too, that a Vermonter named W. Douglas Burden of Charlotte (pop. 1,271), sent the following angry letter a couple of weeks ago to the editor of *The Burlington Free Press*:

Dear Editor,

Man is always inventing some new devilish contraption to take the joy out of life. The latest fiend incarnate is the snow scooter. Why is it that such a large percentage who ride these wailing demons lose all respect for private property? All respect for a man's right to peace and quiet? All compassion for wildlife whose forest homes in the heart of winter had heretofore provided some respite from man—some temporary sanctuary?

Once on the back of a snow scooter, a certain proportion of these people seem to think the whole state of Vermont is theirs. They even have the nerve to roar up to a man's house like a pack of wolves in the middle of the night—only a thousand times worse than any beautiful pack of wolves—and, while a dozen or more motors are idling, they yell and laugh and pass the bottle around. No doubt there are plenty of considerate people

who enjoy the use of these contraptions, but their good behavior is more than offset by the rowdies whose abuse of them is raising a statewide storm of indignation and protest.

Since it seems evident that these snow riders are unable to control each other's activities, and since abuse leads to the necessity of regulation, is it not essential to confine snow scooters to certain limited areas where they have prior permission to travel?

It is prophesied that there will be 40,000 scooters in Vermont within three years. If we don't act quickly one of our basic freedoms—the freedom to enjoy peace and quiet in our farm and forest homes—will have been lost.

[Signed] W. Douglas Burden

Move over, Hell's Angels. Here come the Abominable Snowmen.

CHUB VS. WILLIE

Baseball's spring-training experiment—with a permanent pinch hitter in place of the pitcher—struck an early snag when the San Francisco Giants came out strongly against the idea. Chub Feeney, the Giants' vice-president, said, "We've got lots of learning to do in spring training. Why bother with something we won't be able to use in the regular season?" Feeney said the Giants would exercise their right to refuse to have the permanent pinch hitter used by either team in every exhibition game they play. "It's a gimme to help spring training gate receipts," he said. "We're against gimmicks."

Willie Mays, approaching his 38th birthday and his 18th big-league season, has a different opinion. "Hitting for the pitcher will keep a lot of us old-timers in the game longer," said Willie. "I could go on at least five more years."

SOCKS

Here is baseball, worried sick about the failure of young hitters to take over for retiring musclemen like Mickey Mantle, and there is ice hockey, up to its penalty boxes with nothing but eager young sluggers. Barely five minutes after the start of a game in Ontario's crack Junior A league between the Oshawa Generals and the Montreal Junior Canadiens, one of the worst brawls in hockey history erupted. When it finally subsided, 14 minor penalties were meted out, 25 major penalties, 15 misconduct penalties and

continued

Fond of things Italiano? Try these new recipes from Galliano.

New and ultra-sophisticated Galliano recipes to add to your collection. Each one a prize-winner. But you'd expect that from any mixed drink made with Galliano. The fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America. Let a Galliano cocktail win you over. Perhaps tonight?

BOSSA NOVA SPECIAL

Three Winery
Bosco-Nosco Beach Hotel
Companien, Belmont
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Light Rum
½ oz. Apricot
Pomared Brandy
2 oz. Pineapple Juice
½ oz. White of Egg
½ oz. Lemon Juice
Shake well; pour into
a tall glass with ice cubes
and decorate with leaf.



ITALIAN STINGER

½ oz. Galliano
1 oz. White
Creme de Menthe
Shake well with
crushed ice; strain
into cocktail glass.



JUMP UP AND KISS ME

Specialty of Buccanero
Hotel, St. Croix, V.I.
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Pineapple Juice
1 oz. Banana Rum
½ oz. Apricot
Pomared Brandy
½ oz. Lemon Juice
1 egg white
½ oz. Fruit
Add crushed ice and
put in blender for 30
to 60 seconds. Serve in 10
to 12 oz. blender or tall.



GALLIANO MIST

Fill old fashioned glass
with crushed ice. Pour
½ oz. Galliano over ice
and squeeze and stir
to melt on back of
ice glass. Stir and serve.



ROMAN COFFEE

1/2 oz. Coffee
New Orleans Hotel,
New Orleans, Armed up
to each large cup
pour 1 oz. measure
of Galliano,
add one teaspoon
of sugar, and
hot strong black
coffee to approximately
½ inch from top of cup.
Stir, then add cream.



GALLIANO SCREWDRIVER

Served by
C. Charles Fane,
Boston, Massachusetts
1 oz. Galliano
3 oz. Orange Juice
½ oz. Lemon Juice
Pour over ice and stir.



YELLOW BIRD

½ oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Rum
½ oz. Triple Sec
Juice of ½ lime
Shake with crushed ice and pour
into stemmed glass
with lime slice as garnish.



Button up your overcoat
when the wind is free.
Take Contac for your cold.
You belong to me,
Andrew.



SCORECARD *continued*

seven-match penalties: a total of 373 minutes in penalty time. In comparison, the entire National Hockey League incurred only eight major and six misconduct penalties in 19 games played during a recent week, plus 310 minutes in minor penalties. Maybe baseball could switch from bats to sticks and thus bring back the big inning.

COACH WHAT'S HIS NAME

It is only normal for a football player to say he played for Bear Bryant in college, or for Woody Hayes or for John McKay. But whom does Bill Lalla say he played for? Lalla was a freshman at Oklahoma in 1965 when Gomer Jones was head coach there, but Jones left after the season and was replaced by Jim Mackenzie. Lalla was on Mackenzie's team in spring practice in 1966 and was a redshirt under him (Lalla had hurt a shoulder in the spring) the following fall. Then Mackenzie died suddenly early in 1967, and in spring practice Lalla played under new Coach Chuck Fairbanks.

That summer Lalla transferred from Oklahoma to Wichita State where, under Coach Boyd Converse, he was red-shirted again, since as a transfer he was ineligible to play in 1967. Converse later got into difficulties with the NCAA because of his recruiting practices and lost his job to Eddie Kriviel, for whom Lalla played last fall. But Wichita State had a dismal 0-10 record under Kriviel and he was replaced this January by Ben Wilson, who thus became the sixth head coach Lalla has had in five years.

Lalla might end up as a coach himself. It is hard to say how good a football mind Bill has, but if anybody should be an expert on the methods and techniques of coaching, he's the man.

THEY SAID IT

• Joe Anzivino, promotion director of the Harlem Globetrotters, after seeing LSU's Pete Maravich: "He's so fantastic we'd integrate to get him."

• Jack Kent Cooke, owner of basketball's Los Angeles Lakers, hockey's Los Angeles Kings and, in part, professional football's Washington Redskins: "My favorite sport has always been hockey. The athlete who thrilled me most was a hockey player, Howie Morenz, who was head and shoulders above any other man who ever played the game. He was magnificent."

END

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TEACHING THEM TED'S WAY

Outsiders were talking of Unterrrible Teddy and insiders were awed by his knowledge. After two serene, skillful and stimulating weeks with his Washington Senators, Mr. Williams was back in baseball for sure by JOHN UNOERWOOD

The letter was from a trusted old baseball friend, typewritten front and back on a single sheet of yellow copy paper. It arrived the morning of last week's game with the Yankees, Ted Williams' first game as a manager. Williams sifted it from the stack of mail delivered to his cubbyhole at the ball park in Pompano. He had just girded himself in the peppermint stripes of his new team and was standing up. The belt of his size-38 pants gathered the wastline into clusters of pleats, emphasizing the slimmer, lovelier him that was developing since diet and the puzzling exigencies of managing the Washington Senators (*see cover*) began reshaping his course short days ago. The letter—friend to friend—instructed Williams on the terrible mistake he was about to make.

Ted was delighted—he had been wondering if he was making a mistake. He read the letter aloud. It offered a complete analysis of the situation: the Washington ball club has the worst organization in the majors, the worst scouting system, the worst minor league talent. The Senators don't draw; their stadium is in a riot area. Managing them will put him in contact with sportswriters. Sportswriters will bring up "the old bull they always bring up." He will have to do public relations. He will be asked a million stupid questions and will develop an ulcer. He will have a strict schedule. No time off. No run away and hide awhile. He will have to wet-nurse 25 ball-

players, not all adults. Losses will be on his record, on his reputation as a champion. He will go into Boston as an enemy, against his old benefactor, Tom Yawkey. He will discover—at age 50—that he can still hit better than any player on the team and will be sorely tempted to pinch-hit.

"The Washington players need years of coaching, not days," Williams read, and laughed. "Frank Howard will kill your sensibilities as a batter. His strikeouts on bad pitches will have you talking to yourself all night." He read on hurriedly, smiled again when he saw: "The Washington boys need to be reborn—not remade." The friend's conclusion, more or less, was that he had "never known a happy manager." He advised Ted to reconsider.

The report that should follow is that the moribund Senators went out that day to win a smashing victory over the Yankees, having had a week or so of exposure and rudimentary lessons in smash from expert (.344 lifetime, Hall of Fame, etc.) Williams. But that was not exactly what happened. The Senators, younger players mostly, with quiet bats—one of them ran up averages of .059, .123 and .053 on three different teams last year—tried so hard to show Ted how much they had learned that they went 8½ innings without a hit, finally got a tidy little single and lost the game. In the field they performed some marvelous juggling acts, and their trembling approach to

grounders and fly balls made every play suspenseful.

One would assume, following this, that Williams, after a week of otherwise exemplary behavior, would come in screaming, kick the bench over, throttle a couple of sportswriters and disappear in a rage. Wrong again. Williams came in smiling. "Guess that proves what kind of hitting coach I am," he said. He was still the Unterrrible Teddy everybody had grown to love in Pompano. When questions lagged at the postgame press conference, Williams himself asked a few. It was, after all, he said, just the first game of the spring, a time to see the kids, to learn their names. He was pleased to note his batters had gotten 11 walks off Yankee pitching (and five runs out of the walks). It demonstrated they had listened to his counsel about recognizing a good pitch and waiting for one to hit. Now, when one comes along, they will just have to learn to hit it.

Clearly, Williams was enjoying himself last week, though he probably would not admit it. He was the eye of a continuing hurricane of attention; he was always the most applauded, sometimes the only applauded. People stopped him on the street and waited for him at the ball park. On Thursday when the national anthem was played, the younger

continued

Mike Epstein, a slugger with problems, gets a lesson from the last of the .400 hitters

PHOTOGRAPH BY REED RAPAP



Yankees stole glances at him across the diamond. As always, he shied from adulation, but this was his homecoming. He was seeing old friends, old teammates, old opponents (Ray Scarborough, Jim Turner, Gerry Coleman, *et al.*) for the first time in years, and was pleased to have them drop by.

He returned attention fully to those who gave it. He reminded Jim Turner of the time, circa 1942, when Turner robbed him of a perfect day with a flawless curveball after he had gotten four straight hits off Marnus Russo. "Ralphie, baby!" he said as Yankee Manager Ralph Houk approached him before the game. Houk said Johnny Johnson of the Yankees was complaining that Ted was taking all the writers and photographers away from the other camps. They were all in Pompano—Shirley Povich and Arthur Daley and all the superstars of sports journalism—orbiting around Williams. "Listen," Ted laughed, "you can have them all back." The fact was it was the writers themselves who enjoyed him most. Even a couple of Boston's finest came around, and after some awkward preliminaries to straighten out

their differences, they chatted amiably. "Burying all hatchets," explained Williams pleasantly.

But it would be a mistake to believe that this is not the real Ted Williams. It's him, all right. He just happens to be nine years older, wiser, a bit more refined and—for this new chapter in his life—infinite more aware of the responsibilities of his position than when he last made a black headline in Boston. And it would be a bigger mistake to doubt that the "old" Williams is lurking right below the surface. All the intensity that made him a great hitter and allows him to examine himself with such ruthless candor is still there, and refreshingly so. He does not shrink from leveling an opinion. "Nobody knows that little game between the pitcher and the batter better than I do," he says. But neither does he attempt to hide his doubts. "You know what can scare you?" he said one night at the home he rented in Fort Lauderdale so that his wife Dolores and infant son, John, could join him at camp. "The rules. I've been reading this book about problems that have come up over rules. So you think you



Williams watches a coach, studies Dick Billings (#6), the only Senator to get an opening-day hit, in batting cage and (above) takes a cut himself.



know baseball? Boy. You wouldn't believe the things you find in here. It can scare you."

The Williams voyage of discovery began with a car ride up from his house on the Florida Keys. Already he had made up his mind he was going to be dead serious about this thing, this business of managing that for years he had belittled. He did not pack a fishing rod; he did not carry a golf club. "I'm going to try," he said, in the car. "I may turn out to be a horsemeat manager, but I'm going to try. I'm going to be the last man out on that field every day if that will help. I'm going to do whatever it takes for this guy who hired me [Senators Owner Bob Short].

"I know my weaknesses," he said. "I don't know infield play, that's my special little bugaboo. I don't know how to run a game, at least I don't feel I do. I never even made a lineup card. It's something I don't know about—when to do certain things, when to make changes. Get too interested watching a pitcher or a batter and you're two moves behind before you know it. But I'll have somebody right beside me helping me with that part of the act. The thing I know about, the most important part of baseball, is that game between the batter and the pitcher. I know I'm going to be able to help those hitters. I am sure of that."

The ingredient that distinguishes Williams in whatever he does—boulting a fish, eating a steak—is enthusiasm. In camp it was abundant to start with and grew daily. He went from locker to locker the first day, hefting bats and asking questions: "Do you throw a slider? Why don't you? If the best hitters in baseball say it's the toughest pitch, then you should have a slider." He is an aggressive interrogator.

"How do you pitch to Killebrew?"

"Not very well [laughter]."

"Well, we can't be laughing about it, we've got to get serious about things like this."

He asked questions of everybody. He asked a thousand questions. Joe Coleman, the young light of the pitching staff, had gotten a taste of it when he attended Williams' baseball camp for boys in Massachusetts as a teen-ager. Williams not only told him how to throw a curve but explained why it curved. Coleman learned the practical application but never could repeat the theory and has been

continued



Responding to greeting of "Ralphie, baby!" Yankee Manager Houk compares lineups with Ted



After a nine-year absence, it is once again a hit on the heart and "OR, any one you see."



living in fear since he got to Pompano that Williams will come up to him and ask him to recite it.

The immediate result in camp has been a unanimous effort to concentrate—the Senators may not play any better this year, but they will be thinking better. For example, Williams to Pitcher Phil Ortega

"Phil, you've got a wonderful style, I like the way you throw, but you should be so much better. I remember in Arizona in 1960 how they were all talking about you, this good-looking high school pitcher, how good you were going to be, but how many games did you win last year?"

"Five."

"Five. Isn't that awful? How many home runs did you give up?"

"Twelve."

"How many off your curveball?"

"None. Six off my change, but none off my curveball."

"That ought to tell you something. What does that tell you?"

"I know. I've got to throw more breaking stuff."

Williams intends to have the whole Washington staff throwing more breaking stuff, and if a man doesn't have a third pitch in his repertoire he'd better have a reason.

Even the coaches are not safe from the rookie manager's probing interrogations. He often conducts informal postpractice meetings, both to learn and to get his message across. He dearly loves to talk baseball. The other afternoon he went as far as he could go verbally and then grabbed a bat and had Wayne Terwilliger, his third-base coach, follow him back to the batting cage. Terwilliger pitched as Williams demonstrated. The result—one line drive in 13—was not exactly flattering, except to Terwilliger, but Williams knew when he conned himself into it that he had not lifted a bat in anger for too long a time. "I couldn't help myself," he said. "Just give me another four days." He grinned. "Better make that four months."

Williams inherited Terwilliger, Nellie Fox and Sid Hudson for his coaching staff, then added a couple of old friends, 61-year-old George Susce, a former Red

Sox coach, and Joe Comacho, who never played in the big leagues but who had been a coach at the Williams boys' camp and was spending his winter as an elementary school principal when he got Ted's call. "I couldn't sleep for two nights I was so excited," he said. Comacho is Williams' designate as the man-be-side-me. Susce is the staff's drill instructor. They like to say he can pick an apple off the floor with his teeth without bending his legs. "I get a lot of complaints," Susce says, "so I must work them pretty good. Nobody ever named their kid after me."

But it will not be his coaches that will stamp this team in the next five years, it will be Williams. His grasp of the vital techniques of baseball is unique, and it seems only a shame now that he has been unavailable so long. His advice and admonitions from behind the batting cage are easily the educational highlight of the camp. A step forward here; a little straighter stance there; a lighter bat; a firm word or two here and there. "Bad ball, Eddie, bad ball . . . all right, quicken up, you've got to think about being quicker . . . swing at strikes, dammit, strikes. Attaboy, yesir, that's better."

Williams has good field, no-hit Shortstop Eddie Brinkman, who has been with the Senators seven years and never hit over .229, scrambling to get his slicks in batting practice. Brinkman chokes up so much it appears he is undecided which end of the bat to use, but he is now hitting line drives. And big Mike Epstein, a moody slugger with large potential, has cocked an ear. "I think I can help Epstein," says Williams.

By the end of the second week, Williams seemed gratified. "The kids are trying. They're really working hard," he said. He ordered a midnight curfew, no serious card playing, no players in the hotel bar, get drunk, get fined. He had Joe McCarthy's "Ten Commandments of Baseball" posted for each player to use for reference, things like, "Nobody ever became a ballplayer by walking after a ball," and "Do not alibi on bad hops, anybody can field the good ones."

He has no illusions, of course, as to his immediate effect on the Senators—Williams could add 10 points to every player's batting average and he might still have the worst team and organization in baseball—but he has established a definite communication on his voy-

age of discovery, a hope for the future.

No small part of Williams' enthusiasm is due to Short, who is as new to owning the team as Ted is to managing. Each in his way hero-worships the other. Williams thinks he never met a smarter man; Short, in deference to Ted, is getting his blond hair cut shorter and is trying quite hard to quit smoking. Williams doesn't press for much, but whenever Ted says, "We need . . ." Short says, "Go get."

Short, at 51, is one year older and several million dollars richer than Williams. He is rolling in trucks, hotels and airplanes. He is a Catholic, a father of seven, and a frustrated politician who still gives intimates the impression he would not at all mind being governor of his home state, Minnesota.

It was assumed that Short was the one who got took when he paid \$9 million for the Senators. Then he signed Williams and he has been riding a wave of publicity ever since. He had to have a little luck, though. At one point the negotiations to get Williams had hit an 11th-hour snag over a complicated tax problem and the deal seemed off. Short was eating at Paul Young's restaurant in Washington when up to the table came Senator Eugene McCarthy. The difficulty was explained to McCarthy, who made a suggestion that led to a solution. "If I'd known you were offering Ted all that money I'd have applied for the job myself," added McCarthy.

Short is clearly the man to supply Washington baseball with the organization it needs, if for no other reason than that he is a supersound businessman. When the recent player strike ended, Short set up his "office" on a picnic table at the park in Pompano and signed one player after another—five in half an hour, including the usually reluctant pitching star Camilo Pascual. Camilo wasn't reluctant this time because he got \$51,000. Before long everybody on the Washington roster was signed—with names for many—except its biggest number, Frank Howard, the 6' 7" home-run king who wanted \$110,000 instead of last year's \$55,000.

But Howard or no Howard, that dynamic duo, Williams and Short, had Washington on the move. By Sunday the Senators still had not won their first game for Ted, but against Kansas City they got five hits, that's a 400% improvement in only four days.

END

Having dined with his public in disgust before game and later in locker room (above), Williams handles his youngest player at home.

POOR LI'L MIDGETS TEXAS STYLE

In the richest midget-car races ever run, Houston's Astrodome unleashed top U.S. drivers on a cratered horror **by BOB OTTUM**

Only the lure of lovely money—and the funny kind of fame that keeps race drivers going—could have made them do it. Another breed of men would have turned away. But there they were, the big ones. Indy 500 studs like A. J. Foyt and Bobby Unser, Mario Andretti and Johnny Rutherford, Lloyd Ruby and Jim McElreath. All the top guys, all caught up in this crazy Texas racing promotion.

Crazy? First thing in practice, Foyt bounced his car off the guardrail hard enough to shake the inlays out of his teeth. He looked levelly at his pit crew

and growled, "What the hell are we doing here?" A few feet away Andretti stood digging his toes into the mud of the race-track and said, "Man, this ain't driving. I don't know for sure what it is, but it sure ain't driving."

What Foyt and Andretti and the rest were caught up in last weekend was a phenomenon called the Astro Grand Prix; and when their heads finally clear this week and their ears stop ringing, they won't believe they did it. Take the items one at a time: 1) racing inside the Astrodome, that supersilo on the plains just outside Houston, 2) racing on a rut-

ted red-clay track that was just barely safe to walk on; 3) racing in midget cars, the kidney busters of all time.

Sixty drivers in all showed up for two days of racing for a \$60,000 purse—largest in midget history—on a one-fifth mile track sitting on the baseball field. The Astrodome scoreboard kept identifying the place as the eighth wonder of the world, and if this is true the racing had to be the ninth.

Twenty-one Indianapolis drivers appeared, many of them men who had not raced midget cars since the days when they were breaking in. The other 39 drivers were barnstormers from the minor circuits who wanted a crack at the big guys, and from the start the production had all the hilarious overtones of the Saint Valentine's Day massacre. "Normally this is a kind of fun thing," said Parnelli Jones, the 1963 Indy winner, who had entered two cars. "I mean, occasionally we get into these little old cars and play. But when you start posting money like this, all of a sudden we take it real serious."

Having assured everyone of a serious all-star starting field, the promoters put together a Texas-style racetrack. From across town, where elegant Neiman-Marcus has built a new store, they took the red clay which had been excavated, trucked it to the Astrodome and molded and patted it into a roughly circular course with six-inch banking on the brief straights and 4½-foot banks at the curves on each end. It was the most expensive temporary track ever built, and also maybe the most treacherous. Right off, the little cars began churning great divots of clay into the first few rows of seats around the track and bouncing so high that their bellies showed.

Most of the drivers had cut their competitive teeth on dirt tracks, but clay-track racing was a whole new thing. The track was wide enough for three cars to run abreast, but not if one of them was the slightest bit sideways, which, it turned out, was the only way they could run. Between events Lloyd Ruby shook his head and drawled, "Hell, this ain't no race, this is a hole-jumping contest."

A midget race car is a tiny thing that may look like a toy, but then so does a hand grenade. The cars are 90 inches long from nose to tail, weigh roughly 900 pounds, are about 40 inches high and pack 200 hp into four cylinders.

Upside down after crashing but suffering only from a broken elbow is Californian Nigel Bates.



They have just one gear. To start them, a truck nudges from the rear and—pow—they're racing. Turned loose on a grown-up straightaway they can do 150 mph, but on a small oval, where they spend most of the time sideways, speeds in the high 50s are respectable enough. The little devils run on straight alcohol, often fortified with shots of nitromethane, which makes their engines punch-drunk and produces an exhaust that renders everyone giddy in the first five rows of seats.

The program was simple enough: the cars qualified just like real big cars do, then appeared Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon in screaming, sidewinding 100-lap main events preceded by a batch of lesser races. Around that bomb-crater track they went, through blizzards of flying clay, flying cars, bursts of red dust from the infield and more excitement than the Houston Astros can ever hope to stir up—even if they do something dramatic, like finishing next to last.

Here came Houston's own Foyt, sitting upright as in the old days, his head and shoulders sticking right out for everyone to see, in this ancient 1946-chassis critter, fighting the car through the pack with a brute strength that made everyone ache to watch. Here was tough old Ruby, suddenly knocked sideways and half-dizzy in the middle of the track, sitting there like a dead midget duck

while cars poured down on him, and somehow escaping. There went Unser spinning madly out of control, then snapping neatly back on course full-throttle, inside a cocoon of dust. And there was Sam Sessions, who has been racing for maybe 100 years, surviving a heavy pounding, his car scraped and ocher-stained, and later grinning through a mask of clay. "Man, wasn't that great?" The fans had better pull up their garters next race because we're really going to show them something."

What the drivers showed them—31,337 spectators came out Saturday and 18,478 Sunday—was something Indy and Formula 1 sophisticates will never see. In Saturday's semi-main, starting from the outside of the third row, Foyt came slamming through a slot about the size of a hubcap, beautifully precise, his throttle on full blast, his arms all crossed, his left front wheel hanging loosely up in the air, and then came on to win with a lazy wave of his arm to the crowd. In the main event, starting next to last in a field of 24 cars (he had qualified so poorly that he had to be especially invited into the race by the promoters), Foyt surged through the field, giving off flashes of alcoholic fire from his tail pipes, bouncing off the guardrails here and there and finished second behind Gary Bettenhausen. Up went their names on that showy scoreboard in the Astrosky

The championship circuit drivers, revisiting an old form of combat, stole the show and made a brave try for the money. Defending 500 champion Unser, driving an old Parnelli Jones Special, won a trophy dash, Mel Kenyon a heat. Andretti, appalled as he was by the whole muddy mess, hung on grimly to place second in one heat and seventh in Saturday's main show.

On Sunday, when they reassembled at the Eighth Wonder International Motor Speedway, racing's foremost collection of bruises, lumps, bumps and aching backsides was on parade. Foyt and Billy Vukovich won heat races, as did the other Unser, the one named Al. But in the main event someone unkindly bumped Foyt right out of the action and halfway into the infield. A gentleman named Lee Kunzman, a 24-year-old used-car salesman from Guttenberg, Iowa, was the winner, and the big-money overall champ of the weekend turned out to be Tom Bigelow, a madgreiter from Whitewater, Wis. who took home \$7,650.

Houston had discovered a new way to pass the time between major seasons in the Astrodome, and at the garish Astroworld Motor Hotel nearby people were wrapped up in the mood. The telephone lady, who should have known better, fell for the old gag and paped, "Mr. Oldfield, Barney Oldfield, please call the operator."

END

In rush-hour Astrodomes traffic Daavon's Warren Schaebe (No. 68) is backward on track, while a car at left has a wheel implausibly up in the air.





HIGH JINKS IN THE ALLEY, CATS

Investigating reports of a suspicious spurt of scoring in Des Moines, bowling sleuths discover that some lanes have been fixed by ingenious means, so that your Aunt Minnie can groove 'em like Don Carter by BOB ASBILLE

It was another season, and the 16,000 league bowlers of Des Moines, Iowa had more than enough reason to make a little whoopee. Their averages were up 10 points almost to a man, 200 games were coming so fast that league secretaries could hardly keep count and 700 series, previously about as common as conversion of the 7-10 split, were being chalked up by myopic maiden aunts. It was a kind of mass self-improvement that would have amazed Norman Vincent Peale, in short, it was too good to be true—and it wasn't. The American Bowling Congress cracked down.

The first hint that something was odorous in Iowa occurred to the bowling writer of the *Des Moines Register and Tri-*

bune, whose duties include compiling a daily list of the names and scores of the top bowlers in the city. This winter, with no increase in the number of league participants, the number of those in the top bracket nearly doubled. When ABC officials in Milwaukee saw the figures, they muttered something like, "here we go again," and sent representatives to examine Des Moines's 14 bowling establishments.

What they found was, according to an official announcement, "a matter of grave concern and disappointment to the American Bowling Congress." It seems that after the last bowler had gone home for the night, some operators were busily sanding, roughing, oiling and polish-

ing their lanes in ingenious manners designed to make it easier for bowlers to roll high scores. Albert Matzelle, a Bowling Congress official, admitted sadly that there was "evidence that some proprietors in the Des Moines area have been doctoring their lanes to provide high and unrealistic scoring conditions. . . ."

Every bowling proprietor in Des Moines denied doing any such thing. But since Matzelle also issued warnings against raising gutters, altering pin spots and tampering with pins, it was evident that some proprietors must have been as busily engaged in creating high scores as their customers. But why doctor the lanes at all? "It's simple," said Paul Harvey, manager of the Earl Best Bowling



Center, who was one of the men who complained to the ABC. "All bowlers want to roll better scores, so when they find that at certain lanes their scores zoom up, that's where they want to roll. Meanwhile, those of us who hew to the regulations start losing business. Pretty soon, in self-defense, almost everybody is tampering with the lanes."

Doctoring a lane hardly requires as much art and skill as rolling a perfect game. The trick is to create a ball track that will imperceptibly guide the ball into the pocket—that spot just off-center of the head pin that is most likely to scramble the pin fall in such a way as to increase the probability of a strike. Two of the least sophisticated (and easily detected) methods are the sanding of a groove into the lane, or the roughing of the finish on either side of the ideal track. Matzelle says grooving has not turned up in many years; the technique most commonly used today is an oil barrier. Oil is simply left on the lanes—a strip about 20 inches wide, leaving 10 or 11 inches on each side dry—so

that the ball will hug the oil and roll into the pocket.

But what subterfuge is required to create the oil barrier? "Most of the places now have lane conditioners on automatic machines," said Harvey. "The machine moves down the alley to pick up the oil. A roller picks up the oil and transfers it to a brush. Then the lanes are buffed. Now the establishment can either trim the brush so that it doesn't pick up the oil, or trim the buffer so that it doesn't really buff. What happens is that an oil streak is left on the lane, and when the ball is rolled it hugs the oil and beads into the pocket."

When a bowling establishment begins to outscore all the others around it by 10 or 20 points, congress officials do not automatically assume that there has been mass improvement in the bowlers. They send inspectors, unannounced, to watch, and they keep an eye on neighboring lanes at the same time. "The other houses begin to worry about their scoring. This thing grows in a community unless we catch it quick enough," Matzelle said.

One situation not caught quickly enough occurred in Albuquerque a decade ago. In that city, where there are about 13,000 bowlers in 170 leagues, the average adult single-game score hovers around 155. But suddenly, on some hot lanes, people who averaged a little better, around 170, began to bowl like experts, getting 700 three-game totals in league play, instead of their previous average of around 500. Bowling Congress skulds moved in, lanes were resurfaced and scores returned to average.

The alltime record alley-doctoring affair came in April 1965 and involved three cities—Omaha, Detroit and Milwaukee. As a rule, among the 32,500 league bowlers in Omaha, there are only 50-odd 700s rolled in a winter season. All at once there were some 200 in the same period. Again measures were taken, discreetly described as "interpreting the rules regarding a track to the pins." The Bowling Congress threw out 90 of 108 top scores, including 20 of 700-or-better in Omaha; the nation's highest

team score, which was rolled in Detroit; and 18 perfect games. Hardest hit were the bowlers in West Allis, Wis., a Milwaukee suburb, where half a dozen high scores were ruled invalid, including a 790 that was the alltime Wisconsin women's record.

After that catastrophe, which involved much expensive lane resurfacing and replacement, nothing was heard about abnormal lanes for a long time. Then last December all 26 bowling establishments in Portland, Ore. received official warnings that continued doctoring of lanes would result in cancellation of their certification by the congress and that high scores would not be recognized. Among the reasons for the ultimatum: "Creating a ball track deludes bowlers as to their capabilities."

The trouble is, of course, that some ardent bowlers want to be deluded. "We thought it had died down," said Matzelle, "until these two situations in Portland and Des Moines in the last three months."

Does lane-doctoring really make that much difference in a bowler's scores? "You're darn right it does," said Charlie Robinson, the president of the Des Moines Men's Bowling Association. "Listen, I can take any better-than-average bowler to one house and have him roll 30 games. Then if I take him to another house that I know of, his average would go up 10 pins a game. Maybe for better bowlers the average would go up even more."

"Things are terrible now," said a Des Moines proprietor. "It's not surprising to see 15- and 16-year-old kids shooting 700 series."

Some Des Moines bowlers were outraged and some just pretended to be outraged when the *Register and Tribune* exposed the situation. One view ignored the real issue but, at least, did it in a forthright manner: "What's so bad about making the lanes better for scoring? Don't the sporting goods people put out golf balls that we can belt further, and make us look like better golfers? Well, why shouldn't bowlers get a break?"

END

BEATEN ONCE BUT FAR FROM OUT

After 41 straight, UCLA lost—to USC. That is just one of the reasons why the Bruins and towering Lew Alcindor are favored to win an unprecedented third national championship in a row **by JOE JARES**

All year long the tedious refrain had echoed across the country, spoken over and over by a thousand basketball coaches—each time with an air of discovery. "Lew Alcindor puts his pants on one leg at a time." Now there were only 15 speakers: the optimists directing the remaining teams in the NCAA basketball tournament, all of them silly enough to think they can beat Lew Alcindor and UCLA. Imagine beating UCLA! Why, you have to go all the way crosscountry in Los Angeles to find people who can do things like that.

Actually, crosscountry came to UCLA last Saturday night in the guise of the University of Southern California, a school that is always good in everything but basketball. The meek (15-11) Trojans, who just the night before had lost in double overtime to the Bruins, froze the pants off UCLA and Alcindor—both legs at once—and beat them in the final Pacific Eight game of the year. The upset ended a home-court winning streak at 85 and was only the fourth defeat for an Alcindor team in eight years of high school and college. UCLA and its agile 7' 1½" center are still favorites to win their third straight championship—something no school has ever done—but never underestimate the power of a cliché. Lew Alcindor's bristles may have shrunk a little. If they have, the 1969 tournament will become one of the most exciting since the whole thing started back in 1939.

Right now college basketball could use a spate of hard, clean competition, if for no other reason than to blow away the nasty odors from the regular college season, which was enriched by such events as All-America Spencer Haywood hitting a referee, Texas A & M fans working over a Baylor player while he was lying on the floor and the president of Morehead State University stalking into the court to berate an official. Brave partisans in Philadelphia's Palestra have thrown cans of beer and a whiskey bottle, bananas have been thrown in Col-

orado State's arena, turkey eggs at Texas Tech and ice cubes at Mississippi State. Most of the fighting, of course, has been among the players, but the Cal and Stanford pep bands had a free-for-all, and even two mascots, students costumed as St. Joseph's Hawk and Villanova's Wildcat, went at it, Mr. Wildcat using his tail as a whip.

The NCAA semifinals and finals will be March 20 and 22 in Louisville, the same town where a spectator known as Big Cigar joined in a January player brawl and was justly rewarded with broken glasses and a bruised nose. Hopefully, all concerned will keep their fists and tails to themselves this time and Alcindor can play his last games as a collegian in relative peace before being offered the commissionership, his own franchise and keys to the vault by one or the other of the pro leagues.

The tournament format has been changed slightly. This week's regional games (see chart, right) will be held Thursday night and Saturday afternoon to accommodate television and the coaches, who wanted a day off to prepare their squads. The schedule next week in Louisville's Freedom Hall will be the same.

The championship game most likely will be between UCLA and North Carolina for the second straight year, although the tall Tar Heels must fight (and we do not mean that literally) their way through the toughest of the four regionals (Duquesne, Davidson and St. John's) and then beat the Midwest champion, probably Purdue but maybe Kentucky. UCLA must get by New Mexico State and once-beaten Santa Clara, no cinch, but the West Regional is in the Bruins' own Pauley Pavilion, which, now that the pressure of a 41-game winning streak is off the team, should again become the redoubt it has always been.

If Kentucky gets into the final game against UCLA the Bruins will face an additional hazard, because the folks in Louisville love Baron Adolph Rupp and

will be screaming their pickled-in-bourbon tonsils out for his Wildcats. There is further drama in a Kentucky-UCLA pairing: both UCLA Coach John Wooden and Rupp are aiming for a record fifth national championship.

"I'll be very honest about it," says Rupp. "I don't think we have the bench to go all the way in the NCAA. Our bench is practically all sophomore and we'll just have to go into the tournament with our five starters and two reserves, and in a national tournament that just isn't enough bench."

Yet in 1958 a lightly regarded Kentucky team made it to Louisville, and in the finals faced a hero almost as devastating as Alcindor, Elgin Baylor of Seattle. Baylor got in foul trouble early and Rupp's Fiddler Five won.

The Wildcats have to ease by Marquette and Purdue at Madison to get back to the bluegrass. Marquette, which trounced Murray State by 20 points to earn the shot at Kentucky, has the advantage of playing in its home state (although Coach Al McGuire's best players are from New York City). The Warriors have no starter taller than 6' 5", but they are such great leapers that Kentucky Center Dan Issel will have a battle on the boards anyway. He should win, as he has been doing all year, perhaps because he is so scary to look at without his front teeth. Running around the gym as an eighth-grader, he tripped over his own big feet and fell flat on his face. He does not trip anymore, and Guard Mike Casey, who was the team hotshot when they were both freshmen and sophomores, unselfishly feeds Issel and still gets plenty of points himself.

Purdue, the Big Ten champion, will be more difficult than Marquette. The Boiler-makers were invited to the tournament 29 years ago and turned it down, only to see runner-up Indiana win. Now, with perhaps the nation's best shooter in Rick Mount and a strong supporting cast, they intend to make up for almost three decades of self-deprivation. Purdue

continued

WEST

UCLA
Los Angeles
March 12
NEW MEXICO ST.

SANTA CLARA
Los Angeles
March 12
WEBER STATE

MIDWEST

NYC CHAMPION
Manhattan, Kans.
March 12
TEXAS A&M

COLORADO
Manhattan, Kans.
March 12
COLORADO STATE

QUARTERFINAL
Los Angeles
March 15

SEMIFINAL
Louisville
March 20

QUARTERFINAL
Manhattan, Kans.
March 15

FINAL
Louisville
March 22

EAST

NORTH CAROLINA
College Park, Md.
March 12
DUQUESNE

ST. JOHN'S
College Park, Md.
March 12
DAVIDSON

REGIONAL

KENTUCKY
Madison, Wis.
March 12
MARQUETTE

PURDUE
Madison, Wis.
March 12
MIAMI OF OHIO

QUARTERFINAL
College Park, Md.
March 15

SEMIFINAL
Louisville
March 20

QUARTERFINAL
Madison, Wis.
March 15





DAVIDSON'S Mike Maloy (15) was most of the show as the Wildcats crushed Villanova.



ST. JOHN'S John Warren (30) was one of many in a team effort that ousted Princeton.

does not play particularly good defense — Kentucky plays less—but it has quickness and can press effectively, especially when Herm Gilliam is after the man with the ball. Gilliam is the best all-around player on the team and has had a chance to rest his injured ankle the last three games.

Purdue is very deep. In the run-and-gun battle that is sure to develop if it beats Miami of Ohio and goes up against Kentucky, Coach George King will be able to send in four centers in waves against Isell. None of them figures to stop Ol' Toothless, but Kentucky probably will not be able to stop Mount, either, so the score could end up 200-195. If you believe that stuff about Rupp's bench, Purdue should have the edge.

North Carolina, in its third straight NCAA tourney, plays in a strong conference and must be immune to nervousness by now, no matter what team it meets. Many people think the Tar Heels have the best chance against UCLA because they have height to surround Alcindor and can play a stalling game, which in pollster circles is known as a "four-corner offense." But they have to reach Louisville first. A serious problem could be the left knee, swollen to grapefruit size, of expert defensive Guard Dick Gruhar. Coach Dean Smith has some quick little guards to replace him on defense but no backcourt man who scores as well.

Olympian Charlie Scott, a 6' 5" junior, is no problem. Supporting the Black Students Movement at Chapel Hill, despite a lot of critical mail, has not distracted him from his court duties: scoring and using his quick hands to good advantage in Carolina's switching, trapping, pressuring man-for-man defense. Just as effective has been the tall and talented front line: 6' 10" Rusty Clark, 6' 8" Bill Bunting and 6' 10" Lee Dedmon, a sophomore substitute. North Carolina should beat its Thursday opponent, Duquesne, which is tall and muscular, with three 6' 9" starters, but no match for the Tar Heels in speed and tournament experience.

Davidson or St. John's, whichever survives their Thursday meeting, will be a different matter. Davidson has been waiting for this one since losing to North Carolina by four points in last year's regional at Raleigh. The Wildcats' Mike Maloy, a junior to match Scott, murdered Villanova in a preliminary tour-

namment game Saturday and is extremely quick for a man 6' 7". Doug Cook helps him with the rebounding and Dave Moser and Jerry Krohl hit well from outside. This is Coach Lefty Driesell's best team in nine years at Davidson and might be the one finally to break out of the East and get into the final four.

Davidson and St. John's met at Charlotte earlier this season and the quick, hot-shooting Redmen from New York won in overtime on Bill Paulitz's basket at the buzzer. "Both teams are real tough," says Villanova's Howard Porter, who has played against both. "Davidson is stronger inside, but St. John's has the balance, the great shooters."

Great shooters is right, notably John Warren and Joe DePre. The latter can zip past practically anybody if he gets them in a one-on-one situation, which he often did as the Redmen defeated Ivy champion Princeton on Saturday. They gave UCLA a good battle in Madison Square Garden in the Holiday Festival and let it be known they preferred the NCAA to the NIT this year because they wanted another crack at the Bruins. St. John's beat both Davidson and Carolina this season, but its two-point win over the Tar Heels came the night after Villanova had softened up the Southerners in a tough game. It seems too much for St. John's to beat both teams again in a three-day span.

If it comes to Davidson versus North Carolina, Mike Maloy might dash and dart around the bigger Tar Heels and score 30 points or so, but Moser will have his hands full getting the ball upcourt to Maloy and Coach Smith can always unleash Scott.

At Manhattan, Kans., Colorado and Colorado State—who did not design to play each other during the regular season—will meet to decide some local issues but probably not much else, since neither is of championship caliber. Colorado has a terrific sophomore, 6' 8" Cliff Meely, who can score and rebound, and a snappy little guard, Gordon Tope, who drives around the Boulder campus in a jeep that comes equipped with a 200-pound St. Bernard, but the Buffaloes are a year or two away from challenging for the top. State built most of its record at home in Fort Collins and was only 5-5 on the road. Colorado should win and move into the Saturday game against the survivor of Texas A&M's contest with the Missouri Val-

continued



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ley champ, either Louisville or Drake.

Not since SMU 13 years ago has a Southwest Conference team become one of the final four, and the Aggies probably are not going to change that pattern. Louisville or Drake should beat A&M and Colorado and move on to Freedom Hall, there to be a stepping stone for UCLA, despite the presence of a whizbang guard, Willie McCarter, on Drake and the excellent things Louisville Coach John Dromo has done with a team that was not supposed to go far.

For New Mexico State this is the second year in a row it has earned the privilege, if that is the word, of playing UCLA on the first night of the West Regional. Two years ago its first tourney foe was Houston and Elvin Hayes. Yet, the Aggies do not lack for confidence. They beat WAC co-champion Brigham Young on Saturday, and when USC's upset of UCLA was announced one fan said, "Heck, why didn't they wait and let us do it."

Santa Clara must open with Weber State, and the Broncos—looking beyond to UCLA—might be caught by surprise. Weber has good size, quickness and fine shooting from its guards. If Santa Clara is fired up, and it seems the Ogden brothers at forwards and 6'9" Center Orenis Awitrey, one of the least known of the nation's better players, always are, the Broncos should win it. If they do, the rebound battle, Bud and Ralph Ogden and Awitrey versus Alcindor and all his helpers, should be fun to watch, and even more interesting will be seeing how well Santa Clara's guards can harass UCLA's. The two teams met in the regional last year and Santa Clara got run out of the gym at Albuquerque. It ought to be closer this time.

There were more than 70,000 applications for tickets to the Louisville games and now that UCLA has stumbled once and proven itself fallible, the NCAA probably could sell twice that many seats. The fact is that not only at St. John's but at a lot of other places in the country there is a strong belief that this year's edition of the Bruins is not bound in the same rich leather of the older ones, even if Alcindor is a year older and presumably a year stronger and wiser. Before the loss to USC, UCLA already had played two difficult games against Washington, a mediocre team with a fine coach, Tex Winter, who insisted all season the Bruins could be

beaten and was finally proved correct.

"Patience is the first requirement," he said before last weekend. "You can't play a definite delay game, but you must work for the high-percentage shot and pass up those tempting perimeter shots John Wooden's teams have always given you. You must force UCLA to play defense as long as possible.

"One good, quick guard is needed to get the ball upcourt and control the tempo of the game. If the Bruins have a weakness this year it is the inability of the guards to apply proper pressure. Defensively, because the Bruins have too many good shooters, I think a pressure defense, man-for-man, all over the court, is the answer. You must press three-quarter court and force the forwards and the big guy out to help get the ball upcourt. Once the Bruins get in their offensive set you must go to a specially concocted defense to help out against Lew. You must gamble somewhere. I say play tight on Lynn Shackelford and John Vallely and give the other forward and guard the outside shot, using your defensive men to tag back on Lew.

"Under no circumstances do you get into a running game with UCLA. I don't think there is a college team in the nation capable of running with them."

Coaches like Dick Garibaldi at Santa Clara, Rupp at Kentucky and Smith at North Carolina no doubt have already reached such conclusions themselves, but they probably figure that their real problem is USC's triumph. The upset may have taken away UCLA's worry of carrying on the winning streak, just as the loss to Houston last year had a pressure-relieving effect on the team before the playoffs.

These Uclans are quite a bit different from the national championship teams of '67 and '68. They shoot better—going into this last weekend sophomores Curtis Rowe (6' 6") and Sidney Wicks (6' 8") and Alcindor were the leading percentage shooters in the Pacific Eight, and Shackelford and Vallely, letting fly from greater distances, were not far behind—but they guard less now that Mike Warren and Lucius Allen have gone. Still, with their rebounding, speed, depth, the winning streak off their backs, a smart man on the bench and Lew Alcindor, who stands on two awfully long legs under the basket, the Bruins are anything but bearish. They should win. **END**



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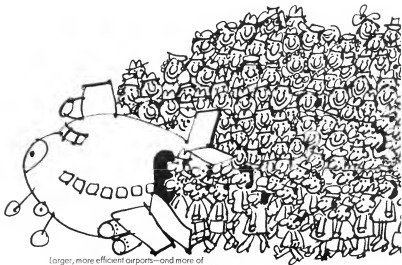
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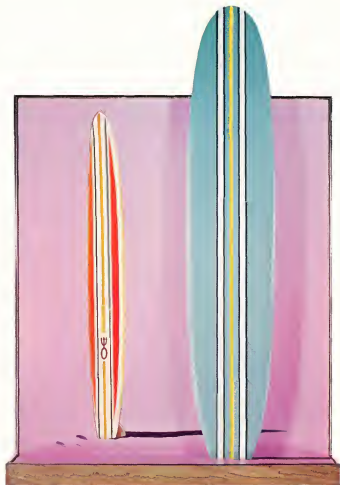
IT HELPS TO HAVE READ COMIC BOOKS

AS A KID

To have wandered around the neighborhood in a Captain Marvel or Supergirl cape, looking all glinty-eyed and cool—maybe taking little, experimental leaps into the air when nobody was looking. That sort of thing. Everybody knows old Marvel would have been some fine surfer, all right, if those dumb international criminals had ever given him enough time. Certainly. Everybody knows we all would have been some fine surfers if our jobs had ever given us enough time. What with wives and kids, milk and eggs and housing—a guy can't do everything.

And there was Mel Ramos, 33 years old and already a noted artist—a 1969 painter with 1920 sensibilities, he calls himself. Whatever that is. Strongly identified with the pop art school. Exhibited in those chic galleries like David Stuart in Los Angeles and Galerie Ricke in Cologne. All that. Also with the start of a little potbelly. A success. Also too old to surf.

Well, this is Ramos on these pages, understand? Ramos the surfer. First, the boards. These are Ramos' boards. On the next pages are Ramos' wife and Ramos himself, with the glinty eyes and the muscles rippling just beneath the Coppertone skin. Ramos who was commissioned by Sports Illustrated to paint surfing, who went to Makaha, saw those big waves and walked away stunned—taking little, experimental leaps into the air when nobody was looking. Back to his studio in Oakland, there to paint the fantasy he saw. Self-portraits of Ramos. He can see himself doing all those things—with that surfy look about him. Everyone can.









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Where is Ramos doing the most Marvel thing of all—lifting his lovely wife as he zooms along in a curl. What a memory! Right now Ramos is painting what he calls Cinerama pictures—paintings that go right around corners. He is tired of looking at empty corners. The pictures started out to be three-dimensional, like the movies, but he is finding wonderful new optical things happening instead. No matter. Soon as he finished the first one the gallery truck came and got it. They will be a big success. And the people who buy them, this new school, won't know who the artist really was. Lean, glinty-eyed, flat-stomached Mel Ramos, that is who. Captain Marvel would have been proud.



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RENAULT 

THE WOES OF WEE WILLIE WISP

Hurdling is not a very ancient sport, the first recorded race run under any semblance of rules having been contested on a playing field of Eton about 100 years ago. Then hurdles were solid barriers otherwise used for folding sheep, and they were driven deep into the ground. As a consequence, the primary concern of the 19th century hurdler was to safely clear the top, and victory often went not to the fastest but to the most circumspect. Of course, nowadays, when hurdlers don't have to worry about breaking a toe or a shinbone, you have to be able to go—and nobody goes faster than Willie Davenport.

A fortnight ago Davenport—Wonderous Willie! Wonderful Willie! Wee Willie Wisp! Dangerous D! Or just plain old Breeze—won the 60-yard high hurdles at the National AAU Indoor Track and Field Championships in Philadelphia. It was his 15th straight victory, 16th if you count his win in the 110-meter hurdles at the Olympics, and the only thing Davenport has broken is three world records.

However, Willie Davenport is the world's best hurdler only on weekends. During the week he is a student teacher at Capitol High School in Baton Rouge, another black face in the tough, glib, brash world of schools like Capitol.

On a recent Wednesday night he was standing in the doorway of the gym watching the basketball team warm up. "Hey, coach!" a student yelled from the popcorn stand. He walked over and put his arm around Davenport. "You know, man, those push-ups you made me do this afternoon. Man, they killed me. You can't do that to me."

"Get your hand off me," Davenport said. "Go back where you belong or I'll make you do 50 more right now."

"It's a rough school," Davenport said later. "They have some respect for me because of my name. But still they had to test me. My first day, when I was taking roll, they kept making noise. So I put my pencil in the book, closed it, laid it down, then grabbed some kid and put him up against the wall. There hasn't been any trouble since."

"But then I can understand a lot of them. I've been through the whole thing. I was really on my way out. When I was a kid I was nothing but a young thug. I had a terrible temper. Like I had my own seat on the bus that took us to school. If I got on and someone

else was sitting in it—well, no one took my seat."

Fred Johnson, who taught Davenport at mainly white Howland High School in Warten, Ohio, remembers well. "The first day I walked up to the classroom," he says, "I opened the door and a kid came sliding out on his back. Then I walked into the room and saw one kid poke another and knock him down. It was Willie Davenport who threw the one fellow out and knocked down the other. He certainly wasn't the best person in the world then. That first year, I don't know how many times I had to use a paddle on him."

Davenport has, of course, come a long way from Howland. He graduated, spent three years in the Army as a paratrooper and now, at 25, is a semester away from a physical education degree at Southern University in Baton Rouge. But just as certain as his present success is his awareness of who he was and where he has been.

Two days later Davenport got up early and went to a neighboring junior high school, at which the principal had asked him to speak. "Because of my reputation and all I have accomplished," Davenport says, "I feel a responsibility to young kids. I think they look up to me and listen to what I say. I emphasize just one thing and that is the need for goals. I tell them to set themselves some and work toward them. You see, I didn't have any for myself until my junior year in high school, when I got interested in running track. Up until then I was wild. What would have happened to me if there hadn't been track? Well, I don't know. But it is something interesting to think about."

More intriguing is the present Willie Davenport, a perfect model of competency who went through the indoor season undefeated, unthreatened and, it often seemed, unrecognized. He first experienced relative obscurity at the Olympics, when his gold medal was overshadowed by a pair of black gloves and then almost forgotten when he simply, and sanely, stated at a press conference, "I didn't come to talk about Black Power or anything like that. I came to talk about the race." And, despite his won streak in races from 45 to 120 yards, in which he tied four world records besides the three he broke, he received the outstanding athlete award at only one meet.

"Sure it bothers me," he says, "but

continued

by SKIP MYSLENSKI

Every weekend Willie Davenport (right) proves once again he is history's finest hurdler. Unhappily, few notice—and he may have to rely on pro football for real fame



the hurdles is an early race and a lot of people aren't there and it happens so fast . . . well, by the time the end of the meet comes along, they're all thinking about how good George looked winning the two-mile or how good Sam looked winning the mile and they forget about Davenport setting that new world record."

But those he beats don't forget. Erv Hall, who was second to Davenport in the Olympics and somewhere behind him every time they raced this winter, says, "Actually, I have a little more incentive when I run against Davenport. A lot of the pressure is off of me because I have nothing to lose. There's more on him. But he's just a great hurdler. He's always been that way."

Leon Coleman, fourth behind Davenport

in the Olympics and a nine-time loser this winter, talks a lot more bravely. "Sometimes I just try too hard," he says. "It might be a psychological thing. But I still think he can be beat."

Davenport himself doesn't have any real explanation for his newfound consistency. "The only thing different," he says, "was that up to the Olympics I was strictly a competitive runner. Now that I'm winning so regularly and setting world records with other runners two- or three-tenths of a second behind, I'm more confident and relaxed when I go to the line. I'm not sure I'm going to win, but I think some of the other runners might be psyched out."

Whatever the answer may be, it certainly isn't training, a ritual Davenport religiously avoids. This attitude conflicts

with that held by Dick Hill, the track coach at Southern, and before the 1968 outdoor season began Davenport quit the team. "It was just a lack of communication," he says.

Hill says it was more because of Davenport's training—or nontraining—methods. "I maintain certain disciplines on the team," Hill says, "and one of them is that the runners show up every day for practice. Willie doesn't train that way, and I don't think it's right to make special rules for anyone."

As a matter of fact, Davenport doesn't even train every other day. He practiced twice during the indoor season—once on his start, on Jan. 8 and again, on getting more snap over the first hurdle, the following week. "I've studied hurdles well enough," he says, "and I know the techniques well enough that if I make a mistake in a race, I can pick it up by myself. Then I'll practice it. Like I said, I had to work once on the start and once on the first hurdle. But other than that, well, everything just fell into place."

However, there was a time, shortly after he quit the Southern track team last April, that the Davenport Method was sorely tried. Tennessee's Richmond Flowers, himself an outstanding hurdler, was at Southern for the school's Pelican State Relays. It was the first time in the nine-year history of the meet that the field had been integrated and the first time, as Southern Publicist Bennie Thomas remembers, "You could look up in the stands and see salt and pepper."

The day turned out to be disastrous for Davenport. He not only got beat by Flowers but by Southern's Harvey Narn as well. "Well," Thomas says, "Willie saw all the kids running to get Flowers' autograph, surrounding him, and there he was, nothing more than an also-ran walking with his head down. On Monday he came to me and asked if he could go on television and apologize. I got him on. And he apologized."

"Some of the criticism I received then was unjustified," Davenport says now. "I had been hurt, that was the first outdoor race I ran that year and Flowers already had some competition. But still, yes, my pride was hurt, especially because I had gotten beat in front of the student body. When I got on TV, I just promised them I wouldn't lose again."

He kept his word well enough to win the Olympic Trials at Lake Tahoe and,

continued



STUDENT TEACHER DAVENPORT BARKS OUT INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS HUMAN PYRAMID



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of course, the gold medal in Mexico. "Willie has studied the hurdles and mastered all the techniques," says Hill. "His form as a hurdler is as perfect as any I've ever seen." Villanova Coach Jumbo Elliott agrees. "What makes Davenport great is that he works over the hurdles," he says. "He doesn't just float over. This gives him more efficient time on the ground to do the running."

But despite Davenport's success, Hill is not fully convinced. "You always have to wonder. A man can get this far," he says, moving a knife across the lunch table, "without training and without coming out for practice. But could he get this far"—and the knife moves a little farther—"if he did train?"

Davenport disagrees. "I know this is best for me," he says. "I've tried both ways, training and nontraining. But it's like Ralph Boston said at the Olympics. Leon Coleman was telling people how he didn't think Davenport was going to do anything because he doesn't do any training. Boston told him to relax—that the only time you worry about Davenport is when he does train."

This singular posture is, in a way, a reflection of Willie Davenport himself—a proud, enigmatic person shaped and formed at Howland in that world of so many white faces with so much money and so little time. He became a loner in school, a hustler out. And he became sensitive to those he learned to trust, listening to them, appreciating them, and, most of all, respecting them.

"Howland is made up of a very large amount of the very wealthiest people in the area," says Johnson, who still teaches there. "It also has very high academic achievement, and I'm afraid in Willie's case it was a guy not keeping up with the next one and just getting pushed around, ignored. So he developed a plain sour attitude toward the whole world." Although Davenport credits Johnson with "pulling me together," Johnson demurs. "I don't think it was me specifically who changed him," he says. "It was just that he needed someone to pay attention to him, and I happened along."

The deference Davenport pays Johnson is shown those closest to him today. He gave Dr. G. Leon Nettterville, president of Southern, a pen set fashioned from a trophy he won at the Texas Relays. "I admire and respect the man," Davenport says. "I just wanted him to

have it." He puts his arm around Doc Williams, the Southern trainer who fixed him up for the Olympic Trials, and says, "I could never have done it without Doc. Make sure you say something nice about him."

"I was attracted to Willie," Dr. Nettterville says, "because he has the qualities I'd like to see in my own son. He's quiet and reserved, actually sort of shy. He's not namby-pamby by any means. No one runs over him. But he doesn't walk around with that attitude of Here I Am. Willie Davenport. Olympic Champion. As a matter of fact, it's very hard getting him to speak of himself."

His reserve disappears, however, when Davenport is among friends, having a drink or two (rusty nails and German beer are his current favorites). Then he likes to tell stories from his past or, preferably, from the past of those he is with. "You know my old lady here," he said one evening, referring to Marian Calvey, his fiancée. "Well, when we first met she couldn't remember my first name. So she kept calling me Davenport, Davenport, Davenport. Of course, the real reason was when she looked at me, that was all she could think of."

He is also himself as Davenport the businessman or, bluntly, Davenport the hustler. "When I was growing up," he explains, "my parents were well enough off to give me most of what I needed, but they made me go out and make my own way." So Davenport started "hustling honest money" at 13, sweeping out a hardware store. Since then he has been a printing press operator, everything from a stock boy to a salesman at Sherwin-Williams in Warren, a popcorn vendor at Southern football and basketball games and, even now, a clerk in a Baton Rouge discount house and sole owner, operator and manpower of something loosely called Davenport Maintenance Service. "I have this car and an apartment and a console color television to take care of," he explains. "Well, you figure it out. The money has to come from someplace."

If everything works out the way Davenport has planned, his newest hustle—pro football—will put an end to selling discount hardware. He was the 16th-round draft choice of the San Diego Chargers, and though he has limited experience, both he and Charger Coach Sid Gillman are optimistic. "He's a risk, but a risk well worth taking," Gillman

says. "The big question is whether he can catch the ball." Says Davenport, "If I work, I think I can make it."

So, in contrast to his hurdling beliefs, Davenport goes out on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons to run patterns and learn cuts and catch the football. His coach is his best friend, Bob Bennett, who was a quarterback for Southern. "He has come a long way," Bennett says. "The other day, after 2½ hours, his tongue was dragging. By the time I'm through with him, he'll be ready. If they give him a chance, he'll stay. He's that kind of a competitor."

On a recent Thursday, Bennett and Davenport were out—even though it was raining. They did sideline patterns, hooks, curls, slants, posts. For every one Davenport dropped he had to run two more. "C'mon, coach, ease up, will you?" he said. "Keep running, Davenport," said Bennett. "It's the only way you're going to learn." "Dammit," said Davenport. Then he took off on his sixth straight Go pattern, catching the ball some 60 yards downfield.

Most of Davenport's experience in football has been at defensive halfback. At Southern he played cornerback as a sophomore and junior, switching to flanker for the final half of last season, after he returned from the Olympics. "I prefer defensive halfback," he says. "I'd much rather hit than be hit." Gillman, who is naturally planning to try Davenport at split end (he is 6' 1", 185), says, "He can have a shot at offensive tackle if he wants it."

However, before football camp comes the outdoor track season. "By the time I'm through in track," Willie Davenport said on a recent evening, "I want those hurdling records to have no one's name on them but yours truly." Except for two high hurdles records, the 120 outdoor and the 60 indoor, which he shares with people like Lee Calhoun, Earl McCullough and Hayes W. Jones—they do.

But, he realizes, this glory is ephemeral. "Sure I like the attention I get and I'm proud of my success," he said that evening. "It makes me feel good to realize I've accomplished something. But this is a dog-eat-dog world, man. If you want something, you have to go out and get it or you'll be eaten alive." He laughed. "This won't happen to me. Because, you see, by the time I'm 35 I want to do nothing but retire and have babies."

END

A little more than a year ago we reported that Y. A. Title and his partner, Ray Handley, a former Stanford football star, had filed suit against the lessee of the Hip Hugger, a bar they owned in Sunnyvale, Calif., they were scandalized at their tenants' employing three topless dancers. For those of you who have been wondering how it all turned out, the bar now employs 25 topless dancers and one blonde who dances topless and bottomless.

Kentucky's Governor Louie B. Nunn has had what he thinks is a great idea—to present President Nixon and each of the nation's 31 Republican governors with a genuine, live Thoroughbred racehorse at Derby time. "In his mind he sees a picture in every paper in the country of the President and each governor posing with his horse on Derby day," says Nunn's press secretary, Larry Van Hoose. "He's very serious about it." He had better be. It isn't going to be easy. So far Kentucky breeders



aren't leaping at the chance to give away all this horseflesh, and the Republican governors are already looking sad gift horseflesh in the mouth. Delaware's Governor Russell W. Peterson has announced, politely, "We'll cope with the horse if the situation arises," and a spokesman for Richard Dillville of Illinois has reported, also politely, that the governor "frankly wouldn't have much use for a racehorse on a day-to-day basis." An aide to John R. Williams of Arizona was more forthright: "Nunn must be kidding," he said. "How would he like to receive 800 tons of unrefined copper ore?"

Like the governor, Kim Norak is also having horse trouble or, more accurately, people trouble. It began when she undertook to move her Arabian gelding, Azum Court, to the 19 acres she owns in Big Sur. She checked the project out with her neighbors, who first told her O.K. but then reversed themselves on the grounds that the horse would smell and attract flies. Kim's appeal for a permit was denied. "All I wanted to do was bring him here for the summer," she said when informed of the decision. "I don't want to stable him. He would find out that peo-

ple like my neighbors say one thing and do another. Azum would learn to mistrust people."

♦ Dr. D. Kenneth Baker, acting president of St. Lawrence University in Canton, N.Y., zoomed out onto the ice recently and scored a hat trick to help his team (Administration) tie the opposition (Faculty) 4-4. The game was part of "Involvement '69," a project at St. Lawrence, which has to be the strongest argument yet for student power. The kids there have undertaken to raise \$10,000 and have talked three other groups into matching it, the \$40,000 to be added to a \$50,000 Ford grant for bettering the lot of the faculty! Concerned because wealthier institutions are luring away their professors, the students want to finance travel, research—anything whatever that broadens the faculty's professional scope. Perhaps Dr. Baker was inspired by this cause. When asked where he first played hockey he replied, "Doh, I had never played before."

"It has nothing to do with football. I'm not going to tell you what it's about, even if you keep asking," said the Jew's split end, George Sauer, firmly, when

asked about the novel that he is writing. "It is not yet finished. In fact, it isn't very well started. Right now the best thing I do is roll up paper and throw it in the wastebasket." Spoken like a writer, George.

♦ Merlin Olsen and Roman Gabriel are about to burst upon the moviegoing public in a film called *The Undefeated* (which the Rams last season were not). The boys will make their cinematic debut in the distinguished company of Rock Hudson, John Wayne and, a press release assures us, "every horse within 150 miles of Durango." Gabriel plays Blue Boy, a Cherokee adopted as an infant by John Wayne, and Olsen portrays Big George, "a muscular blacksmith and formidable free-for-all fighter." The part of Big George, muscular blacksmith, is smaller than that of Blue Boy, so Olsen had time in Durango to finish writing the thesis for his master's degree from Utah State. It is entitled, "A History and Economic Analysis of the World Sugar Crisis of 1963-64."

The Vancouver Canucks of the Western Hockey League have been struggling for years to get into the NHL, and they lost out again when the NHL governors refused the Oakland Seals permission to sell their charter to Vancouver. It went instead to a group that includes Northrup and Seymour Knox III of Buffalo (S.E. March 10). When Seymour arrived in Vancouver to play in the Grant Trophy doubles, the U.S.-Canada squash competition, he murmured, "I don't expect that I'm very popular here." He probably was right, and it couldn't have helped that he then teamed up with Steve Gurney to defeat Canada's Lorne Main and Dave Foster 15-9, 15-10, 15-12 as the U.S. won the match 4-3.





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Man (plus horse) beats boy

That was Manny Ycaza's verdict after he outmaneuvered his chief rival in the Flamingo and thrust his own colt into Derby prominence

Because its purse is \$100,000, the Flamingo at Hialeah is obviously a race well worth winning. And one also worth careful watching for the clues it offers to the distance ability of colts on their way to the Kentucky Derby and other Northern pots of gold. In the Flamingo—a mile and an eighth—all horses carry 122 pounds, only four less than they will in the Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes.

How good a barometer of talent the race is can be judged from the list of those who have won it or finished in the money—among them Citation, Tam Tam, Carry Back, Alsab, Styx, Bold Ruler and Buckpasser. Most of the classic hopefuls in Florida this season got to the post in last week's 40th Flamingo, but two did not and that forces a

delay in summing up the East Coast contingent. The unknown quantities are Bull Hancock's Drone and E. P. Taylor's Viceroyal, both unbeaten and both being prepped for the March 29 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park.

Nevertheless, the Flamingo turned out to be especially significant because the first three to finish—Top Knight, Arts and Letters and Beau Brummel—are almost surely colts of exceptional quality. Three weeks ago Paul Mellon's Arts and Letters won the Everglades, beating Top Knight by three lengths. He was, however, carrying 10 pounds less than Steve Wilson's 1968 2-year-old champion. In the Everglades, too, Danny Phupps' Beau Brummel ran a miserable eighth, but everyone felt that was hardly likely to happen again. The only excuse that came

out of the Everglades was offered by Top Knight's trainer, Ray Metcalfe, who said, "He was probably a little short for the race and because of it he wasn't abused at all. But you train good horses for good races, and the Flamingo is what we are after."

Metcalfe's confidence showed in his pre-Flamingo instructions to Manuel Ycaza, who is riding as well as he has at any time in his long career. "Get out of there in the first flight. Be in the first four or five, because he can move whenever you want him to." Manny knew perfectly well that the pace probably would be set by Fast Hilarious, but the horse he had to beat was Arts and Letters.

As expected, Fast Hilarious zapped off to a quick lead that at one point on the backstretch put him four lengths in front of Arts and Letters, who, under Jockey Jean Cruguet, had broken second and stayed right there. Ycaza, executing his plans perfectly, had come out third and put himself right on the flank of Arts and Letters. From there, as Arts and Letters' trainer Elliott Burch declared later, "Ycaza outsmarted Cruguet by dictating the whole race and by staying off the rail on the best part of the track." Ycaza himself, celebrating that night at the posh Palm Bay Club, put it even more directly: "It was man against boy."

With Top Knight almost nibbling at his horse's flank as they left the half-mile pole, Cruguet's inexperience in \$100,000 races became evident. He moved Arts and Letters up on Fast Hilarious too soon, which is exactly what Ycaza wanted him to do. As they turned for home, Arts and Letters took the lead by slipping inside of Fast Hilarious, but it cost him some energy prematurely, and here came Top Knight flying on the outside. Ycaza made his move at the quarter pole. He rapped Top Knight with the stick on both sides and, just short of the 16th pole, sailed by Cruguet and won easily by two lengths. Arts and Letters barely held off Beau Brummel, who had come up from way out of it. Fast Hilarious hung on surprisingly to be fourth, while behind him, in order, came Rooney's Shield, Dike, Traffic Mark, Rule of Reason, Sail Lark, Twogundan, Beau of the West and Trade Wagon.

Running down to the winner's circle, continued



UNOPPOSED IN THE STRETCH, YCAZA AND TOP KNIGHT ARE EASY HIALEAH WINNERS



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over rough taste?



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is many things to his son:
but most of all
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seeks ways to mould
this smaller image of himself
not into his own image
but into someone
who is his own someone
his own man
unique and self-sufficient
and not a smudged carbon copy
of someone else.

And one of the ways
this teacher and idol
knows and also explores
to help his son reach manhood
and maturity simultaneously
is sports.

For sports
reveal to his son that life is
a struggle
that skills to handle this struggle
must be studied and learned
and meshed with the skills
of others
so that what must be accomplished
is accomplished.

Sports also show his son
that every struggle
has an uncertain outcome
no matter what skills
he commands.
For in every contest
chance plays the starring role
or calls signals from the bench.

Sports show his son
in telescoped time
what his father most wants
him to know:

The game is never over
no matter what the scoreboard reads
no matter what the clock says.
The secret of the game
is to do one's best
to persist and endure
and as someone said
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to seek
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Metcalf looked at the tote board and yipped, "He really hung up some time, didn't he!" Metcalf was right. Only Bold Ruler, who set a track record of 1:47 in 1957, has won this race in faster time than Top Knight's 1:47 4/5.

Metcalf, a middle-fiftish horseman, has been training on and off for 25 years for Steve Wilson, who is critically ill with lateral sclerosis in the Miami Heart Institute. Quite naturally Metcalf thinks Top Knight is one of the best horses he has ever seen. And he's sensitive about the knocks he constantly hears on his colt. "He may be a little odd looking," Ray concedes. "He has one thick tendon which he was born with but which has never bothered him. Some wise guys spread rumors that it has bowed. Nobody particularly liked him—until he started putting those \$100,000 purses in the bank." Top Knight has in fact earned \$430,121 by winning six of his 12 starts including last year's Hopeful, Futurity and The Champagne, in addition to the Flamingo. He is a chestnut son of Ver-text, who has already sired one Kentucky Derby winner (Lucky Debonair), and a mare by Summer Tan named Ran-Tan. The only thing wrong with Summer Tan was that he had the misfortune to come to the races in the same crop with Nashua and Swaps.

As for Arts and Letters, it wouldn't surprise anyone who saw the Flamingo if Cruguet were replaced as the regular rider for this Robot colt. On the Robots the rider must wait before making the proper move, a quality that immediately brings to mind Willie Shoemaker. Shoe has no definite commitment to any 3-year-old on either coast. With Bill Hartack firmly anchored on unbeaten Majestic Prince, Willie has been talent scouting at Santa Anita on such winners as Tell and Inverness Drive and Race the Wind. (The latter ran fourth behind Governors Party last Friday, in a 1:36 3/5 mile, which is not very much of a recommendation.)

"From riding Tom Rolfe [another son of Robot] so much," said Shoe, "I do know something about how the Robots run. They usually come from off the pace and you've got to time your move just right. That in itself takes a little experience. I've never seen Arts and Letters, but if he's as good as some people seem to think he is, I'd like to try him. If we suit each other maybe we could go all the way together."

END



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Austria won the International Team races, but with Killy gone nobody seemed to care. Now with Bob Beattie bowing out too, what is the future of ski racing in the U.S?



REINHARD TRITSCHER (LEFT) AND HENRI DUVIDARD ARE FIGHTING FOR KILLY'S MANTLE

Our problem: how to beat the ski ennui

When Alpine ski racing has a Tomi Salter or a Jean-Claude Killy to mix in with the calendar art of its settings, there is rarely ever any talk about what the sport needs—except more police to keep the bunnies from ripping those dashing heroes to shreds. But when there is no such personality around, as right now, a sort of stem-funk, snow-plow haze takes hold of that tiny world and everyone in it sits back and wonders what has to be done to convince the Columbus Ski Club that Austria's Reinhard Tritscher was not hanged at Nuremberg and France's Henri Duvillard did not design the shirtwaist dress. These are the new stars, gang. What do we have to do to get you out of the left line and make you watch them?

Up in the white-on-white glories of Vail, Colo. last week there were three days of racing between the five great Alpine nations, which should have had everybody mad with excitement, for Austria was beating France for the first time in four years, and the U.S., with Bob Beattie sinking slowly in the West, was beating Switzerland and Canada for third. Tritscher, a big, dimpled, handsome fellow on the order of Egon Zimmermann, was insinuating that he might become the next Killy as he won the giant slalom, finished second in the downhill, and third in the slalom and

led his countrymen to a convincing victory. And at the same time, Duvillard, a grinning, acrobatic little man, sped to the downhill win and gave the hint that if Tritscher doesn't do it, he might. And in the midst of this were always those American girls—the Marilyn Cochrans, Kiki Cutters and Judy Nagels who keep Beattie wishing he weren't quitting and who keep the U.S. team from having to walk around town in disguise.

No American won an individual race, of course—that only happens every four or five centuries when Billy Kidd is out of traction—but these girls, Cochran, Cutter and Nagel, all grins, competitiveness and smart-alec, won an event, the ladies slalom, for the first time in the five-year history of the American International Team races. Bringing in another hopeful, Penny Northrup, with them, they finished 2,4,5,6 behind winner Gertrud Gabl of Austria and outpointed all the other countries.

There was only one small problem with the whole thing. Nobody watched any of it except a few off-duty bartenders and waitresses, a shivering band of reporters and some moody representatives of the U.S. Ski Association who were preoccupied with what will happen to the future of the sport now that Bob Beattie is giving it back to them. Thousands of people were in Vail all

right, but they were tumbling down the mountains themselves, as if the whole of Chicago and Minneapolis had been parachuted into the Rockies.

"Don't you know there's a big race today?" a reporter asked a tanned, fit-looking gentleman in a lift line.

"Yeah," he said. "The St. Louis downhill on Riva Ridge. I'm going up to get it."

There are two reasons why Americans don't flock to ski races to watch. First, you can't see them. Second, we haven't turned out a bunch of Killys not to see. All you can usually see is a hunched-over figure come out of the woods or over a knoll, having already won or lost the race in time, and lunge under a finish banner while a P.A. announcer says, "Eine Minute dreissig Komma achtzehn Sekunden."

Bob Beattie did his best to try to change the sport during the eight years he was wagon master of the U.S. team. The first few years he just coached—hard, grumpy and unbending. But he saw the need for more money and more exposure and more help. So he became more than a coach—unfortunately and by necessity; he became a fund raiser, a television dealer, an international rules spokesman, a ski-meet organizer, a junior-program organizer, an area developer, a speechmaker, lobbyist, com-

mentator and the undefeated World Champion Criss Cauer of his decade.

Beattie survived two ski association presidents, any number of irate parents, hundreds of industry salesmen and several TV executives, and his record of achievement, like those of some politicians, may not be generally acclaimed for many winters. But if the USSA, as it may be of a mind to, fastens its boots, straps on its helmet and skis backward down the mountain into the past, all the good Beattie did will be lost.

By singlehandedly selling ski racing to television Beattie got the sport more exposure than it could ever have dreamed of (and it probably lends itself to TV watching better than standing in the snow wondering what happened). By working the team hard, he gave the U.S. a cause and a determination it did not have, and being on the national team got to mean more than putting on a blazer and shaking hands with Lowell Thomas every four years. He organized a U.S. tour and started bringing the Europeans over, and he had more of a hand in organizing the World Cup than anyone else. What Beattie did not do was catch the French and Austrians in results, but no one could have, and he, like the single-wing guard he was, also played most of the cocktail party games that go along with amateur sport.

With Beattie's leave-taking due in the next couple of weeks, the USSA, now presided over by a man named Earl Walters, will make a decision. It can thoroughly sweep out the shack, removing all Beattie's couches (mainly Gordie Eaton), slice the budget, hire new men and run the thing by committee. Or it can keep Eaton as the headman, push forward for more funds and keep Beattie around in a consultant position on matters regarding television, the Europeans, the circuit. This might not be so easy for a committee to do, for Beattie will soon be entering several commercial phases of ski racing, and everybody knows what Avery Brundage thinks of commercialism. Some commiteemen also feel that if Beattie is around in any capacity, he might try to run the program in exile and they figure they could get Ho Chi Minh cheaper.

A graver problem than what Bob Beattie does or doesn't do faces ski racing. That is the fact that the FIS finally has admitted that no racer is truly an amateur, that he gets a lot of loot from

the manufacturers of skis, boots, poles, sweaters, bindings, goggles, etc. The result of this during the 1969 season has been a gaudy display of labels on everything as the racers, some of them looking like swirling billboards, come through the gates. Racers used to have to sneak around to sell the ski companies gave them. Now they summon gatherings in main streets of villages and hold auctions. "It's a local problem," says the FIS, turning its head toward Bangkok.

But the Olympic people aren't so sure. Word keeps circulating through the industry that Alpine racing might be thrown out of the 1972 Olympics at Sapporo, Japan, which would be like throwing the touchdown out of football, and thus would end the Winter Olympics. No, that won't happen, one hears. They just won't give medals for the Alpine events. Well, that won't happen either, probably. The Olympic gentlemen will say the athletes are amateurs under the codes of their respective countries, so heck, let's light the flame and what time does the buffet line open at the Yugoslavian reception tonight?

A few things could happen to change the whole atmosphere of the sport. Head-to-head racing, or man against man, side by side, gives the sport the dimension it lacks for spectators. This was proved in a French-U.S. meet in Aspen, Colo. in December, which the U.S. deliriously won. The town was up-loose with the thrills provided and the racers themselves went crazy. Now add cash. Now add television. Now string together a tour. And what you've got is what professional golf did to amateur golf.

It may come to pass that open ski racing will be just that, an open race for pros and amateurs alike with all kinds of innovations, and only the amateurs, satisfied with cups and wristwatches, will remain eligible for the poor Olympics. The World Cup will be a real World Cup. And if a Pontiac or a United Airliner, or an Ervan, or a Rossignol ski or an Ovromaline, wants to put up enough cash for the circuit, you could most likely get your Jean-Claude Killy out of retirement.

Come to think of it, if ski racing doesn't do something like that, the St. Louis downhill may overwhelm us all. It could be a long wait before any Killys and Beatties emerge to re-create that old excitement.

END

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



BETTER TO GIVE.

In the past five years alone, **BUSINESS WEEK** has been on the receiving end of 22 awards.

We've loved to have our cup run over. But we think the time has come to give an award of our own. Because these are times when business can help cure the environmental ills of our society. And **BUSINESS WEEK** feels that companies and individuals who contribute to that cure should be recognized.

That's why we've established the **BUSINESS WEEK AWARDS FOR BUSINESS CITIZENSHIP**. Our first presentation will be in October, to honor the efforts of private business in solving public problems. Equally important, **BUSINESS WEEK** will seek to stimulate even greater business involvement of this kind, and to provide an extensive fund of knowledge about what business is doing and can do.

John W. Gardner, Chairman of the Urban Coalition, and former Secretary of HEW, will serve as national chairman of the Awards Committee—a panel of distinguished judges representing government, education, business, and labor.

Sure, **BUSINESS WEEK** can take it. But we can also dish it out.

Business Week

You advertise in **BUSINESS WEEK** to inform management



The eagle was plucked at sea

But not by shoreside harpies or sharples. It was the wind that did it

What is deadlier than yesterday's stock quotations? To most racing sailors the answer is: yesterday's America's Cup contender. Built at a cost of millions, to the specifications of a single set of round-the-buoys races sailed on a series of late-summer afternoons when the weather is right, these fast, fragile boats, in the opinion of most yachtsmen, can never be successfully adapted to any other purpose. They won't, in short, pay you a nickel for a cup boat, successful or not, the day after the races.

But Ted Turner, an irrepressible advertising man from Georgia still in his 20s, is not most yachtsmen. Why not, Ted Turner asked himself, buy an old cup boat and make an ocean racer out of her? In answer he bought *American Eagle*, unsuccessful candidate in two cup

trials, for a fraction of what her sails and rigging alone cost when she was built, refitted her for ocean racing and entered her in the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit. Halfway through the series, the old day sailer was leading the fleet in points. Moreover, she seemed to have proved she could take whatever the sea could dish out when she won the St. Petersburg to Fort Lauderdale in the teeth of 25-knot winds.

The Cruising Club of America, governing body of ocean racing in the U.S., was taking a hard look at *Eagle* in the SORC, since Turner was bent on entering her in this summer's Transatlantic. One expert, Don Wakeman, a veteran of both blue-water and cup racing, felt there was little doubt that *Eagle's* hull could survive the pressures of a long offshore haul, but he was doubtful about her tall rig. "It was designed," Wakeman explained, "with definite limits in mind, and there are no limits out there offshore."

The day after Wakeman's prophetic expertise, at the start of the race from Miami to Nassau, the limitless nature of winds at sea began to make themselves felt. As the wind rose higher and higher, it seemed certain that whatever boat won this race would win it in record time. Characteristically, Turner was determined the boat would be *Eagle*. He made no concessions to the building gale as his vessel screeched along

under full mainsail and huge genoa. His crew sailed her like a dinghy on a gusty day: one hand playing the sheet that controlled her thundering main, letting it in and out with the puffs; another keeping watch on the big jib as it scooped up gallons of water whenever the bow plunged. Another crewman was reading off the figures on the Kenyon speedometer. "Ten. Ten and a half. Eleven." Then, "Eleven and three-quarters."

Those of us on deck exchanged unbelieving looks as the vessel careered along. Then came that pop! It was no more than that, just a pop barely loud enough to hear above the noise of rushing wind and water, followed by a snap, like the cracking of dry spaghetti, but suddenly the night, the boat, the action of wind and water all seemed to stand still. Startled by the change, the off-watch scrambled on deck to squint into the darkness and gaze uncomprehending for a moment at the blankness where the big sloop's mast, mainsail and jib had been. How the orderly tracery of halyards, sails, spars and stays could be so suddenly transformed into such hideous confusion as reigned on *American Eagle's* deck transcended everyone's immediate understanding.

Then the reality took over. The wildly swinging section of mast had to be captured and quickly, and as much gear salvaged as possible. But knowing what had to be done and knowing how to do it are very different. At first everyone seemed intent on undoing a job that someone else had just done. All was chaos, and everything one touched seemed to be booby-trapped, like the once-firm lifelines that sagged under a light grasp. But, somehow, in the midst of the nightmare order was reestablished, the maverick spar was secured on board, the huge sails were gathered in, trailing lines were hauled aboard and the battered remains of *American Eagle* began the depressing trip to port under auxiliary power.

"I can hear them now," moaned Turner as the derrick limped shoreward. "They're all getting ready to say, 'ha ha, he he, we told you so.'" But even as he spoke this indefatigable iconoclast of yachting was making plans for *Eagle's* next race—perhaps with slightly sturdier gear.

END

AN "EAGLE" CREWMAN ATTEMPTS TO SORT OUT MESS OF SPARS AND BENT RIGGING



They're identified with soaring new living
like Chicago's 70 story Lake Point Tower

The Confident Ones choose Walker's DeLuxe

the elegant 8 year old bourbon

They make decisions rather than compromises. They don't think twice about their drink. When their choice is bourbon, the bourbon is Walker's DeLuxe. Nothing else quite measures up.



STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • HIRSH WALKER & SONS, INC. • FLORIDA, FL. © 1988

The more we hide, the more you see. That's a Break Away!

Seems like a lot of "elegant" cars end up looking like ads for The Shiny-Brite Chrome Works.

Pontiac has nothing against Shiny-Brite, you understand. We simply don't do things that way. Quite the opposite. As the 1989 Grand Prix below illustrates.

Grand Prix's disappearing act started last year with the windshield wipers. Owners liked them so much, we put our clever engineers back to work. They managed to make a 10-foot radio antenna vanish into thin air.

The door handles aren't quite as baffling. But they are recessed to keep the lines clean.

Vent windows? Gone the way of the dodo. Who needs them? Pontiac's upper-level ventilation provides the air without the wind noise.

Here comes the irony. With all that's invisible, Grand Prix's styling is undoubtedly the most noticed (and liked) on the road. Even the chrome buffs are starting to break away.



MADE IN CANADA



The Wide-Track Family for '89: Grand Prix, Bonneville, Brougham, Executive, Catalina, GTO, LeMans, Corsair S. It's quality and more. Pontiac Motor Division.

Break Away in a



Wide-Track Grand Prix



FRANCIS SELDEN

The putting grip is controlled by the right hand, the left is along for the ride.

Do it the 'right' way for once

As your pro has told you a thousand times, golf is a left-handed game. You grip the club with your left hand. The left hand takes the club back, leads it down into the ball and directs it forward into the follow through. The right hand must be kept out of the action. However, perverse as it may seem, putting is a right-handed business. It is the right hand that draws the club away, then leads it into the ball and through to-

ward the cup. And so, instead of the normal interlocking or overlapping grips, which have only three right-hand fingers on the club, it is preferable that you use a reverse overlap for putting. This reversed grip has all four fingers of the right hand on the handle. The stroke is dominated by the right hand. The result—for right-handed golfers, at least—is a firmer grip, more feel of the stroke, more control and greater confidence.

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Traditional clothes for contemporary men

There's a quiet kind of fashion excitement in suits and sport coats by Canterfield. We still think skilful tailoring, flattering fit and quality fabrics are more important than passing fads. Apparently, there are a lot of men who agree with us.

For name of nearest dealer, write Canterfield, Div. of Curlee Clothing Co., St. Louis, Mo. 63101

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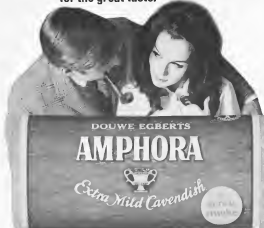
The new groove: knits that move

At first glance one might think that gymnast Jack Overbeck is putting people on when he works out on parallel bars in this showy costume. Not so. The clothes he is wearing are made of knit fabrics that are just as comfortable as gymnastic gear—if somewhat more surprising. His outfit and the others displayed here are examples of the newest innovation in menswear: tailored knits. Women have known for years that knit clothes fold and pack and travel better than any other fabric. Now men are discovering the versatility of double knits, single knits, wool, cotton or polyester knits. Many of the garments are imported from Europe, but American firms are already onto the trend and by fall their mills will be humming.

Jack Overbeck's jacket is by Avagolf of Milan, his patterned slacks by Thomson. At upper left, Tracy Mills straddles the bars in a blazer from Carroll & Co. of Beverly Hills, a knit shirt from Hathaway and slacks from Day's. In the center picture he wears a vest suit by Ericson of Sweden. Michel Bonne-mort works a cable set in an overcoat designed by Carlo Paluzzi for Monsanto.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MILES

Whatever happens now, Amphora is only responsible for the great taste.



AMPHORA BROWN
Regular

AMPHORA BLUE
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America's Largest Selling Imported Pipe Tobacco

**Inbetweenwear
from
The-Men's-Store.**

For men who refuse to let just anything come between them and smashing new clothing in The-Men's-Store—especially the Kings Road Collection. Tapered crew neck t-shirts and briefs from under \$1.65. Charge them on Sears Revolving Charge.

Sears The-Men's-Store

The store within a store at Sears, Roebuck and Co.

BRIDGE / Charles Goren

The prof ducks a trap

Exotic is the word for this hand, and it comes, aptly, from a far-off country, New Zealand. The bridge colony there is numerically small—recently a total of 57 tables was hailed as an excellent attendance for a three-session pairs event. Nevertheless, New Zealand proved that its players could hold their own in top company when they were invited to the 1968 Australian Interstate Congress. The visitors finished second in the open teams and swept all three titles in the women's events, a fine showing when you recall that Australia won the 1968 Far Eastern Team Championship and very nearly scored the stunning upset of getting into the finals of the 1968 World Bridge Olympiad at Deauville, France.

The following deal, not from the tournament, was described by W. J. Hutchison in the *New Zealand Bridge* magazine. The hero is one "Professor Whip," whose skill you are invited to equal.

Although West's jump overall was weak and tended to show nothing outside of a long suit, East's rescue was not as risky as it might seem. He reasoned that West must be short in hearts and could therefore be expected to furnish spade support. Primarily, East's aim

*Neither side vulnerable
South dealer*

NORTH			
♠	8 6 2		
♥	4 3 2		
♦	A Q 5 4		
♣	A J 5		
WEST			
♠	J 10 9		
♥	—		
♦	9 6 3		
♣	K 9 8 7 6 3 2		
EAST			
♠	A K 7 3		
♥	K Q 8 7 6		
♦	J 10 2		
♣	10		
SOUTH			
♠	Q 5 4		
♥	A J 10 9 5		
♦	K 8 7		
♣	Q 4		
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
3♥	3♠	DEL	3♦
PASS	PASS	PASS	DEL
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: jack of spades

was to lure the opponents into four hearts, and when this worked he pounced with gloe.

East took the first two spades, and the professor's queen survived the third round of the suit. A diamond was led to dummy's queen and a heart returned. East elected to follow small and South's 9 won. The appearance of a club from West's hand caused at least one kibitzer to give up hope, but apparently it did not daunt the professor. He calmly continued by cashing the king of diamonds and leading a low club to dummy's jack. On the second trump lead, East once again refused to split his honors and South won with his 10.

When declarer went back to dummy with the diamond ace and led the 13th diamond, this was the position:

♥ 4
♦ 4
♣ A 5

♠ K 9 8 7

♥ 7
♦ K Q 8

♥ A J 5
♣ Q

East ruffed with an honor, and apparently that was the end of the matter. If South overruffed, he couldn't continue trumps without giving up two trump tricks. Neither could he lead a second club, as East would score his low trump by ruffing and win the setting trick with his remaining honor. When the professor went into a huddle, the kibitzer wondered how long it would take him to see that he was doomed. But the professor went right on thinking, and you are entitled to take as much time as he did.

No, it would not help for South to discard his remaining club, allowing East to hold the trick. East would return his spade and South would be compelled to ruff in his hand and then yield another trump trick. But the professor found a solution. He undertruffed with his 5 of hearts!

With this coup, South escaped the end play and trapped East instead. If East returned a trump, South would finesse, draw the last trump and make dummy's good club. When, instead, East returned a spade, South let go his queen of clubs and ruffed the spade in dummy. With the lead coming from North at the 12th trick, South had the ace-jack of hearts behind East's king-8, and the contract was cold.

END



Jerry West, Los Angeles Lakers. All Products Dep for Men

Jerry West has his hair styled. You got a beef?

Funny how someone with a beef can turn chicken when face to face with Jerry West. He's six and a half solid feet of man. And if you think having his hair styled changes that, you're all wet. Hairstyling does change Jerry's appearance, though. Like it subtly calls attention away from his nose (broken eight times in NBA play). That's the thing about hairstyling—it makes more than just your hair look better. Try it. Also try the products that keep your hair looking just-styled every day—Dep for Men Hardress Styling Gel and Hair Spray. You only have one head of hair. Might as well make the best of it.



Dep for Men—the hairstyling products



GO-GO SLOW

The most lockadassical and recognizable of U.S. fans are two blimps which lazily gate-crash virtually every top sports event in the country. They may even appear at a concert or drop in at your company picnic by COLES PHINIZY

Of all the odd and strange creatures still roaming this earth, the biggest and rarest by far are the Goodyear blimps, *Mayflower* and *Colambus*—two gas-filled gypsies that wander around the country making friends, championing worthy causes and appearing frequently on television. Although these two motor-

powered gasbags cruise at only 35 miles an hour and require more tender loving care than most men are willing to give their ailing mothers, they somehow manage to turn up here, there and almost everywhere.

In good weather and in foul, one of the two Goodyear blimps is likely to be

found hanging above some large sports event somewhere in the country—a friendly giant seemingly fascinated by the contest being waged by Lilliputians in the arena below. Last June, when Lee Trevino, the happy pauper-prince of golf, won the U.S. Open in Rochester, a Goodyear blimp was on hand.

continued





ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT CUNNINGHAM

GO-GO SLOW

continued



Last May, when Dancer's Image did or did not win the Kentucky Derby, a Goodyear blimp was overhead. At the Indianapolis 500 two years ago, when the whining turbine car driven by Parnelli Jones did a few miles from the finish, a Goodyear blimp was hovering above, bulging with pride as A. J. Foyt went on to win in a piston clunker equipped with Goodyear tires.

Last Memorial Day a blimp was again in attendance at the Indianapolis 500 as Bobby Unser outlasted the turbines to make it two in a row for Goodyear rubber. The blimp *Columbia* was at the Rose Bowl this past New Year's Day when OSU put down USC. Two weeks later, when Joe Namath and the Jets turned the professional football world upside down in the Super Bowl, the blimp *Mayflower* was there—watching and sharing TV time.

Between such major sports events and important civic functions, the bumptious blimps frequently show up at clambakes or company outings, where they are the life of the party. If the weather is fair, the blimps simply settle down in a nearby cornfield or pasture and take picnickers up, sit at a time, for half-hour rides. (Some people do not like to ride in blimps, but after a couple of beers at a company outing, just about everybody wants to climb aboard.)

With no advance notice, the wandering blimps often drop out of the blue to spend a night at some small-town airport, bringing joy to spectators of all ages. Because the children in small towns have often seen the blimps in miniature on television, they are thrilled to see the real thing, life-size, monstrous, right in their own backyard. At the sight of the blimp, adults may nostalgically remember their own childhoods, 30 and 40 years ago, when everyone poured out into the schoolyard to look up at the *Akron*, the *Macon*, or one of the other great silver dirigibles of yesterday.

Because they are so slow, the Goodyear blimps are often hard put to keep every date on their crowded social calendar. Consider, for example, a typical odyssey of the blimp *Mayflower* this past December. On Christmas Day the *May-*

flower was serving as an aerial platform for ABC television at the North-South football game in Miami, and it was scheduled to collaborate again with ABC at the Gator Bowl in Jacksonville on Dec. 28. On the morning after Christmas, many Americans were simply lounging around, recovering from their Yuletide cheer, but there were a number of ordinary—and a few extraordinary—travelers on the move. The fastest travelers that morning were the famous Apollo 8 trio, Borman, Lovell and Anders, who had given the moon a few whirls and were homeward bound along a narrow corridor in space, doing about 3,700 miles an hour and accelerating all the time. Without much doubt the slowest of all the air travelers that morning were Goodyear Pilots Joseph Whelan and Richard Esh, who were poking their way up the Florida coast aboard the blimp *Mayflower*.

As the air waves crackle with news of the records being set by the gallant Apollo crew, all that Pilots Whelan and Esh are hoping is that they can get their blimp from Miami to Jacksonville without an overnight stop. In the first half hour aloft, Pilot Whelan is holding his blimp steady at an altitude of 200 feet and about 200 feet offshore. Judging by the smoke from a burning trash dump, he knows he is bucking about an eight-mile-an-hour wind. Noticing that sea gulls and terns are overtaking the blimp, Pilot Whelan says dourly, "It's going to be one of those long days."

By 9:25, exactly an hour after take-off, the *Mayflower* has traveled 22 miles and is coming up on Fort Lauderdale. Dick Esh calls the local airport. "Fort Lauderdale tower," he says, "this is Goodyear blimp *November One Alpha*," "Hello there, blimp *One Alpha*," the tower replies cheerily.

"We're five miles southeast of the airport at 200 feet," Esh reports.

"You're at what altitude?" the tower asks incredulously.

"We're at 200 feet," Esh repeats. "We would like to proceed through your zone northbound along the beach."

"Roger," the tower answers. "That is approved."

As the blimp moves through the Fort Lauderdale control zone, back in Miami Mr. Albert Royce, president of the Royce Chemical Company of East Rutherford, N.J., is seated aboard a 727 jet, ready for takeoff and fully confident that, in almost no time at all, the plane will carry him to a safe landing in either Newark or Havana. As Royce's jet roars into the sky, 20 miles to the northeast, Marcia Esh, the wife of Goodyear Pilot Dick Esh, is motoring with her 2½-year-old daughter Melissa up Florida's Sunshine State Parkway in a sassy red Chevrolet Impala Super Sport. Even if little Melissa dawdles as usual over lunch, Marcia is confident that she will get to Jacksonville well before her husband Dick gets down out of the sky in the poky blimp.

One hour later, Marcia Esh has covered 60 miles in her Chevrolet. In the same period National Airlines has carried passenger Albert Royce 560 miles, and the spaceship Apollo has brought Astronauts Borman, Lovell and Anders 3,950 miles closer to home. In the same hour the blimp *Mayflower* has crawled 29 miles up the Florida coast.

Although in spirit it is a gypsy, a blimp possesses some of the ingrained reluctance of an ordinary jackass and the stubbornness of an Andean llama. There is no way, simply no way, of making it go faster or of making it carry more than it is accustomed to carry. The blimp *Mayflower* is 160 feet long and has a maximum diameter of 51 feet. Under usual conditions, the 147,300 cubic feet of helium in its envelope can lift about 9,200 pounds. Since the envelope itself, and the cabin slung under it, plus the two 150-horsepower engines and all the fixed instrumentation and other essentials weigh about 7,700 pounds, the useful lift of the huge beast is 1,600 pounds at most.

Pilot Joe Whelan, adequately dressed

continued



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"



You don't have your father's head.

It's younger than his. So it's different from his.
What's inside of it and what's on top of it.

To control your somewhat larger supply of
hair, you may have developed a liking for a hair
groom that comes in a tube.

Which is the reason for son
of Vitalis.

Son of Vitalis holds your hair
through a full day without getting
sticky or looking phony.

And it's the only greaseless
hair groom that comes in a tube.

Naturally, your father has his
own way of looking at things. And
you have your way of looking at
things. But there's one thing you'll
agree on.

You want to look good.



Son of Vitalis®

The only greaseless hair groom in a tube.

getaway car



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Hit the beach . . . take to the lake . . . head for the high country. Just grab a TERRA TIGER All Terrain Vehicle and take off for new horizons. Here's adventure unlimited. Six super-soft, oversized tires carry you off the beaten paths away from the crowds. Beach, swamp, woods, rivers. They're all the same to a TERRA TIGER ATV. Speeds up to 25 mph on land, 4 mph in water. Test hop a TERRA TIGER ATV. You'll catch on fast! For complete details write Allis-Chalmers Outdoor Products, Box 128, Lexington, SC 29072.

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GO-GO SLOW

continued



for flying, weighs 230 pounds, and Pilot Dick Esh weighs 170. The weight allowance remaining for fuel, baggage and passengers, therefore, is about 1,200 pounds. On the journey to Jacksonville, Whelan and Esh had one nonpaying passenger aboard: 28-year-old James Newcombe, a former third-string University of Georgia football player, who is employed by Goodyear as advance planner and field manager of the *Mayflower*. Although Jim Newcombe has the same sort of uncontained zeal for blimping that devout Moslems have for Mecca, he unfortunately weighs 220 pounds. Because there was also about 200 pounds of excess baggage aboard, the *Mayflower* was obliged to leave Miami with only 125 gallons (roughly 750 pounds) of gasoline in her tank—not enough to make it safely to Jacksonville without a fuel stop at Fort Pierce.

In this miraculous age, when a run-of-the-mill, 48-ton commercial superjet can carry more than 14 tons of paying passengers and luggage, why, for heaven's sake, is the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company still fooling around with slow gasbags that carry so little and cost \$600,000 a year to operate?

Why? Because there is a great deal of value to be derived from displaying a very large and very appealing object that moves very slowly in an age when everything else is going so fast that it is little more than a blur. Although by comparison to everything else traveling through the air, the Goodyear blimp is truly a featherweight of mediocre ability, it pecks quite a wallop emotionally. By its very shape and easy manner in the sky the blimp suggests contentment to people who in this frantic day have almost forgotten how good it is simply to loiter and linger. As long as there is a blimp in the sky, people will be waving up at it, photographing it and wanting to ride in it. On the losing side of football stadiums, gloomy spectators will

continued



Better than a change of drivers.



A quick adjustment of your GM Tilt Steering Wheel, and you've got yourself a refreshing change. You'll find a new steering position is great to help relax tired muscles. Especially on long trips.

You'll be just as happy with your Tilt-Wheel when it comes time to leave the car.

It flips up and out of the way through its full range of positions for your easy exit and entry. And it can be adjusted to fit every member of your family . . .

big or small . . . short or tall

Order the built-in change of drivers. Order Tilt-Wheel Steering on your Chevrolet Pontiac, Oldsmobile or Buick Or Tilt & Telescope Steering on your full-size Oldsmobile or Cadillac. Saginaw Steering Gear Division, Saginaw, Michigan
GM Adjustable Steering Wheel

GO-GO SLOW



glance up to the blimp for solace and reassurance. Winners will see it as a serene omen. And as long as people feel that way, the name Goodyear will be unforgettable.

As the *Mayflower* plods northward to Jacksonville, children and adults, surfers and sunbathers, pier fishermen and surf fishermen wave at her, and Field Manager Newcombe waves back to one and all. By actual count, along one 45-mile stretch of coast between Fort Pierce and Melbourne, Newcombe waves to 418 people and three dogs. Along the same 45-mile stretch his blimp is photographed approximately 50 times.

While most people are enthusiastic about the blimp, the reactions of other creatures vary considerably. Some dogs ignore it. Some look up at it and yawn. A few trot after it, pointing their noses skyward as if trying to smell out the nature of the thing. Sea cows lolling in the shallows do not react at all when a blimp passes overhead, but stingrays and leopard rays tend to skitter about nervously. Porpoises often roll to one side, cocking an eye upward as if pondering what sort of large whale cousin it is that travels in the sky.

At 5:30, when the weak winter sun goes below land, the blimp is still 45 miles south of its destination. Although the evening is too cool for romancers and picnickers, the blimp is never alone for long as it moves through the darkness along the desolate beach. Hearing its throb and seeing its running lights through their picture windows, people step outdoors and wave. Dashing through two rooms in his haste to get outside, one small boy knocks over a chair and falls down twice.

At 7:20 p.m. Pilot Whelan at last brings the *Mayflower* down in Jacksonville. On their way north by car, Marcia and Melissa Esh have stopped once for gas, twice for comfort, and spent an hour at lunch. Although they also stopped for an hour at Marineland to enjoy the clowning porpoises and to watch a whale have its teeth brushed, they still reached Jacksonville an hour and a half ahead of the *Mayflower*. Al-

bert Royce, the National Airlines passenger who left Miami an hour after the blimp, has long since landed in Newark, attended a meeting of the Passaic Boys' Club and had two business conferences in his own office. In the same 10 hours and 55 minutes that the *Mayflower* took to go 320 miles up the Florida coast, the space crew of Apollo 8 has traveled 45,690 miles down the dark path back to earth.

The morning of the big Gator Bowl game between Missouri and Alabama dawned wet, windy and miserable, and for a while it looked as if the *Mayflower* had come 320 miles for naught. In a heavy rain, the quantity of water constantly running off the blimp's broad back adds about 600 pounds. With a two-man television crew and equipment—and sufficient fuel to buck a 30-mile-an-hour wind for the length of a football game—a blimp cannot safely take on that much extra weight in useless rainwater. Luckily, by game time the rain stopped and the scowling clouds broke apart. By the middle of the second quarter the wind had dropped to about 25 miles an hour so that Pilot Frank Hogan was able to get the television crew over the Gator Bowl for the last half of the game. While Missouri was squashing Alabama, ABC used aerial shots from the *Mayflower* six times and gave television viewers five glimpses of the blimp itself. On each occasion Announcer Bill Flemming had something nice to say about the Goodyear gasbag. Considering that at least 100,000 people had seen the *Mayflower* on its way north, 68,000 more saw it at the game and another 15 million saw it on television, the journey seemed worthwhile.

For more than a hundred years, long before there was any winged machine, gas-filled dirigibles of one sort or an-

other have been on the prowl. In the first half of this century big rigid Zeppelins, semi-rigid airships and nonrigid blimps made wondrous journeys and caught the public's fancy, but entirely too many of them were dismal failures. Indeed, when the whole history of lighter-than-air craft is examined dispassionately, when all "ifs" and "buts" are cast aside and the triumphs are weighed against the disasters, there is not much left on the credit side of the ledger except the excellent record of the Goodyear blimps flown by the U.S. Navy in World War II and the relatively modest, but almost flawless, performance of Goodyear's private blimp fleet.

During its first busy years in the airship business, Goodyear suffered one great personal tragedy. On July 21, 1919, before sufficient nonflammable helium was available, a hydrogen-filled Goodyear blimp, the *Wingfoot Express*, burned in the sky over Chicago. Three men aboard perished, and part of the flaming wreckage crashed through the skylight of a bank, killing 10 people. Since 1925, when Goodyear began using helium exclusively, only one pilot and one crewman have lost their lives. In both instances the Goodyear men died while overzealously trying to save their ships in violent weather.

In the past 43 years the Goodyear goodwill fleet has logged 6,098,119 miles and carried 591,048 passengers without an injury. Over the years a few women have ripped tight skirts climbing aboard the blimps. Pilot Joe Whelan once temporarily lost a passenger in midflight—a small Cuban boy who, for some reason, crawled under his seat to hide—but that has been about the worst of it.

At the start of World War II the U.S. Navy had 10 blimps. By the end of the war there were about 150 Navy gasbags in the air, most of them on antisubmarine patrol along the east coast of the Americas, from Maine all the way south to Rio. Although German and Italian subs sank 532 vessels in the western Atlantic, out of 89,000 ships conveyed by blimps, not one was lost. Last December when the *Mayflower* was in Jacksonville

getting ready to fly over the Gator Bowl game, a gray-haired man walked onto the field. "My name is Falco," he said. "I was in the merchant marine four years in the war. We never worried when the blimps were hanging around us. This is the closest I've ever been to one. I'd just like to give it a pat for old time's sake."

During the war the Navy lost eight blimps in line of duty. A German sub shot one out of the sky in the Florida straits. While flying down to Rio at an altitude of 800 feet on a foggy night, another blimp ran into a 1,092-foot-high island that according to Army Air Corps

charts (copied from old German charts) was supposed to be less than 100 feet high. On the U.S. West Coast, the Navy blimp L-8 met a strange end that no one has been able to explain fully. On an August morning in 1942 the L-8 took off from Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay for a routine three-hour patrol over the Pacific. At 7 a.m., an hour after lift-off, Pilot Ernest Cody radioed back that he was investigating an oil slick. Neither Pilot Cody nor his copilot, an ensign named Adams, was heard from or seen again. When their abandoned blimp was examined, the door was open and the throttles in idle position

—the best guess is that, while leaning out the door dropping smoke flares to mark the oil slick, both men fell to their death. In any case, at 11:30 a.m. the Coast Guard sighted their blimp lying on the beach about five miles south of the Golden Gate. An onshore wind was buffeting the huge envelope against the palisade behind the beach. Before anyone could get to the blimp, the action of the wind dislodged its 325-pound depth charge. Thus lightened, the unmanned L-8 took off from the beach, drifted four miles inland and landed in a narrow street lined with two-story houses in Daly City, just south of San Francisco. After settling gently down on its single landing wheel, with perfect aplomb the unmanned blimp rolled a block up the street and came to a stop at an intersection. The L-8 could have been deflated, carted off and refilled, but volunteer firemen, not comprehending the nature of the beast, slashed the gas envelope open, believing that, since no one was in the cabin, there must be somebody up in the bag.

This summer a new, 192-foot-long Goodyear blimp, *America*, will go into operation. In winter the new ship will be based in Houston. The rest of the year, like Goodyear's other two gadabouts, it will wander hither and yon. While in all practical respects the new *America* will be the very latest thing in blimping, it will have a certain haunting connection with the past. Although it has been renovated and refurbished, the cabin of the new *America* is the same cabin that was on the L-8.

The present-day Goodyear blimps engage in a wider variety of enterprises than those that were flying in the '20s and '30s, but they are more restrained in their behavior. For a fee, the early Goodyear blimps used to drag trailer signs advertising merchandise of all kinds and sometimes collaborated with kooky exhibitionists—the ultimate perhaps being a performer who, in the interest of promoting cleaner living, took a bath in a genuine bathtub suspended under a blimp. The present *Mayflower* has a complex panel of lights on each side

continued



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Soothing, cooling relief for cold
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GO-GO SLOW

continued



that produce not only printed copy but also multicolored moving images, both realistic and psychedelic. Although any number of manufacturers and merchandisers would like to buy advertising time, Goodyear's billboard in the sky is not for hire. Indeed, the 976-pound flying night sign—or Skytacular, as its operators call it—is only used about 20% of the time to promote Goodyear enterprises. The *Mayflower* spends most of its hours aloft after dark notifying the populace of important local events and urging them to join worthy causes such as the Heart Fund, the March of Dimes and highway-safety campaigns.

Although in daylight hours the public usually sees the blimps at sports events or in transit, the Goodyear ships spend an equal amount of time taking passengers up for short tours and helping government agencies research programs. The FBI and the Treasury Department both use the blimps occasionally—and let us not ask why. State and local officials often go up in the blimps to study traffic snarls, to sample polluted air and to try to find answers to various other ills that plague heavily populated areas. And the National Aeronautics and Space Administration—NASA, as it is better known—has used the blimps to help in a sonic-boom study project.

The new 192-foot *America* that will be emerging from its cocoon in Akron, Ohio early this summer will have a Skytacular sign bigger and better than the one on the *Mayflower*, and so will the new *Columba* that is scheduled to replace the present *Columba* before the end of the year. The night sign on the present *Columba* is a relatively simple one that only permits words containing 10 letters or less to be flashed in sequence, but because it winters in Southern California where zealots and promoters abound, you can bet your life its services are constantly sought. *Columba's* field manager, Terry Elms, spends a large

part of each work week politely saying "no" to dreamers who do not know the meaning of the word. When his office phone rings, Elms never knows just what the next outlandish proposition is going to be. One man who calls in dearly wishes to suspend himself on a cable under the blimp and fly over the Watts district of Los Angeles to protest racial inequality. Another, a magician, wants to show the world that he can get out of a strait-jacket while hanging in the air. Another entrepreneur wants to take a jazz combo up and broadcast its music over speakers on the ground. Lord knows why. A supermarket chain would like to throw Ping-Pong balls bearing sales messages out of the blimp. An enthusiastic Republican group wonders if it would be possible to attach an elephant's trunk and two large ears to the blimp. A Sunday-school teacher calls, asking if six pupils could be given a ride as a reward for perfect attendance. (This last request is the kind that Field Manager Elms might ordinarily honor, but, regrettably, at the time it was made, the blimp was collaborating with the American Cetacean Society in its annual court of gray whales during their winter migration to Baja California.)

Wherever it goes, each Goodyear blimp is followed by a large maintenance van and a bus carrying an 11-man ground crew, who must reach the appointed destination before the ship, not only to take its landing lines as it comes down, but also to set up the mast to which it will be moored. Oftimes with a tail wind the blimp arrives at the next town before its ground support. In such cases, the pilot can do nothing except fly around, waving and making friends, until the ground crew pulls in. No destination is ever certain; no departure or arrival time is ever sure. A blimp may schedule an early-morning junket for important Goodyear customers. The customers show up on time, but if it is a cool, damp morning, they will not always leave on time. A single pilot will get into the blimp, lift it off and fly in circles for 10 or 15 minutes before coming back down to load on the passengers. What has the pilot been doing? He has

continued

How Bonnie Courtney met the challenge of owning the world's first Austin America.

At first, it was fun to own the world's only Austin America. (It was almost like driving a custom-built car.)

But oh how Bonnie Courtney could have cried for want of privacy. Everywhere she went in Palmetto, Fla., people recognized the car.

They knew when she went out. And what time she got back.

But, then, the Austin America doesn't resemble other cars. Mostly because of the windows, we think. They're larger than one would expect, not only giving us a particular profile, but a lot of visibility to the driver.

There also were times owning the world's first Austin America was outright embarrassing.

For instance, Bonnie left the

supermarket one Saturday afternoon to find seven people surrounding the car. And then some man asked her about the transmission. (He was sitting in the front seat at the time.)

Now, we ask you, how's a 16-year-old girl going to be able to discuss Austin America's fully automatic 4-speed transmission? Or know that like the Mustang's transmission, it can also be shifted manually?

And what does she say to the mechanic who says, "Hey, lady. Your engine's sideways."

How could Bonnie know that our transverse engine let us make the front end shorter and the inside have as much rear leg room as a Lincoln Continental?

And frankly, even though disc brakes are the safest brakes ever in-

vented for an automobile, how could Bonnie have learned the Austin America's brakes hold like the brakes on a Jaguar XK-E?

Things are a little easier now, however; there are now three Austin Americas in Palmetto, Fla.

And we've become one of the fastest growing import cars ever introduced in this country.

But that's to be expected from a car that has the best of what a lot of other cars have, but costs only \$1899.*

Still, we're looking for a way to honor our young trailblazer.

How does the Austin Courtney sound?

At Austin / MG Dealers.

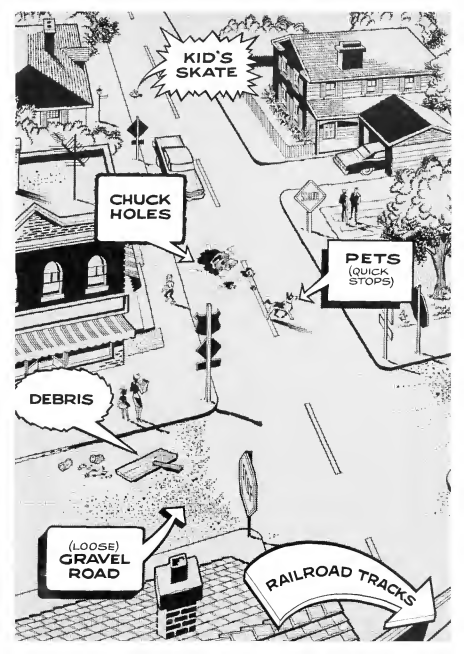
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"Hey, lady.
Your engine's sideways."





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The neighborhood gang is out to get your tires.

The new Sears fiber glass belted Wide Guard Tire is tough enough to beat a whole gang of road hazards and still give you more than twice the mileage of conventional new car tires.

Tire hazards aren't just on the open road. They can be lurking close to home. The curb that bites, the stones that catch.

The new Sears fiber glass belted Wide Guard Tire was made for hazards—wherever they are. The Wide Guard has two tough, flexible fiber glass

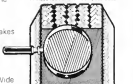
belts that run around the tire under the tread. Strong cords reinforce the sidewalls.

This combination makes our tire a real gang buster. So tough it had to be belted.

Because of the fiber glass belts, the Sears Wide Guard gives you more than twice the mileage you'd get with conventional new car tires. The fiber glass belts make all the difference.

Depending on size, the new Sears fiber glass Wide Guard Tire sells for \$28.97 to \$49.89 with

A close look at the fiber glass belts



old tire. Federal Excise Tax included. And there's no haggling about price at Sears, Roebuck and Co. The advertised price is the selling price. No money down on Sears Easy Payment Plan.

Next time you're out, stop by a Sears store and get the new Wide Guard. And get ready for the neighborhood gang.

The Sears Wide Guard Guarantee.

If we with original tread fails from road hazards or defects, we will exchange it for a new one at no charge during the first 30 months, charging only for stated wear after this period. Charge will be pro rata share of then current regular selling price plus F & T.

If original tread wears off before 40 months we will exchange the tire for a new one charging then current regular selling price plus F & T, less 25%.

Nail punctures repaired at no charge.

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Sears wants you safe.

The grass with the built-in tee!

Windsor, the improved variety of Kentucky bluegrass, grows as if its object in life were to hold a golf ball. You don't have to dig for the ball, whether the turf is cut 1" on a fairway or 1/2" on a collar. Spreads vigorously, repairs itself rapidly. For technical data write Scotts, the grass people, Marysville, Ohio 43040.

It only tastes expensive



students: opportunity

(An invitation to college, graduate and part-time students)

You can earn substantial amounts of money throughout the year—and gain practical business experience—by making TIME, LIFE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscriptions available to students. No previous experience necessary, no paperwork and billing involved. You will be given free selling supplies, make liberal commissions and set your own working hours. (You may also participate in special projects and marketing research at extra fees.)

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GO-GO SLOW

continued



been drying off the envelope, getting rid of 250 pounds of dew.

Out West, in the land of big mountains and strange winds, the blimp *Columbia's* life is very unpredictable, and its range peculiarly limited. Since the practical working height of the blimps is about 3,000 feet, it can never go to Denver, or for that matter, hardly anywhere else in Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, Idaho or Montana. The whole area is simply too high in the sky.

Even in the lower country of the big West the *Columbia* does not always get where it is going. Pilot Lee Cermak remembers an attempt to cross west Texas. After clearing Van Horn Pass at an altitude of 5,400 feet, eastbound for the city of Midland, he recalls, "Suddenly ahead of me, clouds of dust. Whoaaa! That part of Texas makes its own weather. As far as I could see in front of me it was all dust. The ground crew radioed, asking me if I could make it to Midland. Ha. I answered them, 'Since it is 100 miles to Midland, and I have only 45 gallons of gas left, and I am using more than 15 gallons an hour, and since I am indicating an air speed of 50 miles an hour and I am not moving an inch over the ground, not one inch, it is my considered opinion that I cannot make it to Midland.'

"We went to Monahans, Texas, instead," Cermak remembers. "Yes sir, Monahans, Texas, one of those towns that has a sign by the road saying 'Welcome' on one side and 'Come Again' on the other. But it had an airport."

"I schedule a flight for photographers in San Diego," *Columbia's* Terry Elms says, "and when we get in the air, a fog moves in so thick you can't see 200 feet. Meanwhile, back in the Los Angeles basin the weather is beautiful, no smog at all, and every photographer in L.A. is clamoring to go up. Trying to arrange the *Columbia's* schedule even one day in advance," Elms continues, his voice

continued

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Makes the most of every drop of our economical 50 to 1 gas/oil mix. Silencing is better than ever and new rubber-cushion isolation mounts cancel vibration. Improved anti-friction bearings smooth the power flow.



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**See the 16 new or improved Johnsons
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Steel, aluminum or fiberglass. We make clubs to touring professional specifications and we make them out of all three shaft materials. Nobody else does. If you want a real choice in quality clubs and balls, choose Shakespeare.

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A most highly medicated lip balm. Quick healing, combats infection. Keeps lips smooth, soft, moist in wind, cold or sun. In plastic case.

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GO-GO SLOW

continued



getting a trifle shrill, "is like hitting a home run and taking off down the baseline to discover there isn't any first base."

Goodyear's crews have wandered so erratically and stopped at so many places they never intended to visit that they have a hard time remembering where they have been. If you ask any three members of the *Mayflower's* crew today where they went last year after the National Campers and Hikers Convention in Du Quoin, Ill., none of them will be able to say surely if it was Galesburg, Ill., Hixson, Mann or Winona, Wis. One of them may insist it was Winona, Mann. But you can be sure the *Mayflower* blimpmen will remember their trip to Boston in 1966, when they played the villain in a two-part musical tragedy. During the *Mayflower's* first night ride over Boston, 25,000 music lovers were enjoying a concert by the Boston Symphony at the Hatch Memorial Shell on the banks of the Charles River. The feature of the program was Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, which has been described as epitomizing the German composer's "visions by night." While the orchestra was working its way smoothly through this masterpiece, there appeared overhead quite a large and different kind of vision; the friendly Goodyear blimp, its engines throbbing and its night sign flashing, "PARDON OUR GLOW. IT'S NO UFO," the blimp's night sign said, "IT'S THE GOODYEAR BLIMP. HOWDY DOWN THERE."

The next morning the switchboard in the Goodyear district office in Boston lit up. In no time at all the district manager, Rev Van Akin, was on the phone to Tom Allison, the Goodyear public-relations man who heads up the blimp operation in Akron. "Van Akin kept saying, 'Help, help, Tom. Do something,'" Allison remembers. Without waiting for the first airtel letter to arrive, Goodyear went into action. By 9 a.m. the blimp was back in the air. By

9:30 it was over the hand shell on the banks of the Charles, circling tight and circling wide, fixing the position with relation to other landmarks so that on future flights the pilots would be sure to give the hand shell a wide berth. But, alas and alack, down below in the hand shell, while the blimp circled above to postpone the scene of the previous night's crime, there was a morning concert for children going on. By noon the switchboard in the Goodyear district office was glowing again, and the next day the letters poured in.

Goodyear answered every letter, as is the company's custom. "The sole objective of our airship program for the past 45 years," a typical letter of apology said, "has been to make friends for Goodyear. We want you to know that we appreciate your calling this unfortunate incident to our attention, and how sorry we are. We never go near a performance like that if we know it is going on in Miami, for example, we always skirt the Parrot Jungle by a good distance for fear of scaring the birds."

Remembering all the right and wrong turns in the road that the blimps have made, all the detours required because of weather or freakish mischances, considering the many friends the blimps have made as planned and all those made here and there by accident, the man in charge of both joy and grief at Akron headquarters concludes that there is only one real problem involved in blimping around the country, for all their seeming zeal, the gashaps cannot make it to half the places that want them. "People see us on television so often," Allison said recently, "that they do not understand that we cannot go from where we are 1,000 miles to someplace else in an afternoon. The hardest job that I and the blimps' crews in Miami and Los Angeles have is refusing invitations and hoping the people we turn down still like us." Then, teetering on the brink of utter treason, Allison added, "Week in and week out I have to say 'No' to so many nice people that sometimes I almost wish the blimps belonged to Firestone."

END



Olds Vista-Cruiser: Keeps a sharp lookout with 11 windows.

It's easy to see why Olds value is way ahead of its price.

Take a look: Over 100 cubic feet for storage. 2- and 3-seat models—and all seats face forward. Tinted Vista-Roof. You can order a luggage rack for it. And

a tailgate that drops or swings.

You'll see youngmobile thinking in its new styling, Rocket 350 V-8 engine, GM safety features, too. Get a new view on wagons—at your nearest Olds dealer's.

Escape from the ordinary.





THE ONE AND ONLY REASON Jack Daniel settled in the Hollow was this cool limestone spring.

Nearly a century ago folks said Jack Daniel wasn't much at business. For he put his distillery twelve miles from the nearest railroad. But you see, Mr. Jack was a whiskey man first, a business man second. So he settled down near this cool limestone spring, where to this day the iron-free water flows pure and perfect for making Jack Daniel's. After a sip, we believe, you'll see why we still regard our spring so highly. And why Jack Daniel, everything considered, wasn't so bad at business after all.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

George Was Villainous, Gutsy and Gorgeous

And those were the qualities it took to make a wrestling hero in the early days of television, when the fans wanted their partisanship well seasoned with glamour and histrionics **by JOE JARES**

A good many years before the Beatles bought their first set of bobby pins, another lush and luxuriant head of male hair was attracting a good deal of public attention. It belonged to a professional wrestler known to the world as Gorgeous George.

"I do not think I am gorgeous," George protested once, "but what is my opinion against millions of others?"

George's hair, which was long, curly and yellow, was kept in place by gold-plated bobby pins which he called "George pins" and passed out by the handful to adoring fans.

The first hench cost him \$85 for half a pound. When he found out how fast he was handing them out, he had to switch to cheaper ones—gold only in color. But the need to economize didn't faze George. He once appeared on a radio show being taped for the armed forces overseas, and the beribboned, high-ranking officers present decided they had better get some souvenir George pins or their wives would never forgive them. George ordered them to line up like so many recruits, then ordered his valet to spray their hands with scent. After that he made them repeat after him the customary oath: "I solemnly swear and promise I will never confuse this gold George pin with a common, ordinary bobby pin, so help me Gorgeous George."

Alternatively known as the Human Orchard, Gorgeous was born plain George Raymond Wagner in Seward, Neb. Soon after his birth in 1915 he was taken by his family to Houston. There was nothing very gorgeous about the Wagner household. George's father was a house painter who didn't earn much money. His mother was an invalid, and their home was in a rough section of town called Harrisburg, near the ship channel. Even at that time, however, there were some indications that George felt an ur-

gent need to stand out from the crowd. At 9 he insisted upon having a black shirt with white buttons, "just to look different, so people would notice me."

Tough kids from the neighborhood were called Harrisburg Rats, and out of George's own rat pack came a number of pro wrestlers of renown in the 1930s and '40s: Chester Hayes, Sterling (Dizzy) Davis, Jesse James and Johnny James. The James brothers' father owned a fruit stand, and behind it, next to Buffalo Bayou, the boys would stage wrestling matches on sawdust left over from the days when a sawmill stood on the spot. If somebody wanted to watch, the boys charged admission.

Later Jesse and George wrestled at community picnics in the Houston area. Once Jesse body-slammed George and knocked him out. A well-meaning lady in the audience poured smelling salts into his nose. She revived him all right, but she also permanently damaged his nose. From picnics the boys went on to challenge carnival wrestlers and to work tiny arenas around Houston.

"We were amateurs, but not really," recalls one of the kids. "We were paid, though the amount was small. If you were real good in those days you could take out a state professional wrestling license for \$5. I remember that George was so poor that when we were booked in small towns, like Conroe and Brenham, he'd be booked as the Barefoot Bohe-man, because he didn't have enough money to buy wrestling shoes."

The financial situation began to improve when the biggest matchmaker in that part of Texas, Morris Segal, signed up George and some of his friends.

For a long time George was just another good guy, or "baby face," in the ring. His hair was short and brown and his wallet was just short. Then he met Betty Hansen, a cashier in a Eugene, Ore. movie theater. Not long afterward

the two were married in the ring, and it proved to be such a good draw that they reenacted the wedding in several arenas around the country. But even before that, Betty had started working her accidental miracle.

"It was one night in Eugene," said Don Owen, the czar of wrestling in Oregon. "Betty had made George a robe, and when he went into the ring that night he took special care in folding it."

"The fans got on him pretty good and Betty was there and got into it with the fans. She slapped one of them, and George went out of the ring and belted the fan. Even when he was a clean wrestler, George had a hot temper, and he would fight a buzz saw."

"Anyway, the booing was tremendous, and the next week there was a real big crowd and everyone booed George. So he just took more time to fold his robe. He did everything to antagonize the fans. And from that point on he became the best drawing card we ever had around here. In wrestling they either come to like you or to hate you. And they hated George."

Slowly through the 1940s the character of Gorgeous George evolved. At first the brown hair became auburn. Then he read about an old friend, Dizzy Davis, throwing gardenias to the crowds in Mexico and getting a new nickname, Gardenia Davis. So George decided to become a glamour boy, too. He let his hair grow longer and wavier. The next step was to a beauty salon in Hollywood to inquire about a wig. After some thought, it was decided a wig would be too easy to yank off in the ring, so the beautician turned George over to two Hungarian hair stylists, Frank and Joseph, who recommended that he grow his hair long and bleach it blond—"if he had the guts." "If guts is all it takes, I've got plenty," said George.

Guts, gall, nerve—whatever you want

continued

to call it, George had it. During World War II he worked at a shipyard during the day and wrestled at night. He broke his leg in a match one evening, but instead of seeing a doctor right away, he gritted his teeth overnight and went to work at the shipyard the next morning. There he feigned a fall from a ladder and enjoyed a leisurely vacation while his employer paid the medical bills.

In the early 1940s George boarded a luxury liner to Honolulu with only his ticket—no money. He threw his wallet on the floor in one of the men's rooms and reported that it had been stolen during the bon voyage festivities. It was found that day—empty, of course. The captain and the other passengers took pity on him and he got free meals all the way to Hawaii, and—always important to G.G.—free drinks.

TV Announcer Dick Lane remembers strolling through Beverly Hills with George during the height of his TV fame. The wrestler wore a white gabardine suit, a black tie and a big white Panama hat with a black band. They stopped in front of a fashionable men's store, and a crowd gathered immediately. G.G. beat on the store window with his ivory-handled black cane until a clerk came scurrying out, then demanded to see the entire selection of handkerchiefs. The clerk obediently brought out an armload, and George went through them one by one, tossing them over the man's shoulder. At last he picked a black one identical to the one he was wearing in his coat pocket, discarded his old one over the clerk's shoulder, carefully installed the new one, gave him a \$20 bill and sauntered off. He took Lane around the corner to his bank and got out his safety deposit box. It was stuffed with cash. Lane asked him why he did not keep his money in a savings account.

"I want it right where I can take my shoes off and walk around in it if I want to," said Gorgeous. "Right now I feel like flying to Buenos Aires." So he took out a handful of bills, hopped in a cab and headed for the airport.

Outrageous characters, preferably villainous, were the big thing in that heyday honeymoon of television and the wrestling ring—and Gorgeous George was the most outrageous of all. A natural showman, he had an extravagant routine that put him way ahead of all the monocled lords, Indian chiefs and masked terrors of the day as the biggest

draw in the history of pro wrestling. Before each match his valet, a personification of dignity in striped pants, vest and tails, would walk stiffly down the aisle and enter the ring carrying a silver-plated tray. On the tray was a mirror, a little carpet and a fancified Flit gun full of perfume-scented disinfectant. ("It's Chanel No. 10," said Gorgeous. "Why be half-sassy?") The valet, always somber, would set the tray down in one corner and carefully spray the mat. Then the lights would dim, a magnificent rendition of *Pomp and Circumstance* would thunder out of the loudspeaker and a spotlight would pinpoint the star as he strode majestically down an aisle.

When G.G. reached the ring, the valet would hold the ropes apart so he would not have to bend too far to enter. George would wipe his white shoes on the carpet. The valet would remove a spun-gold hairnet so everyone could admire G.G.'s long blond hair, done up in the latest style. Then the great man would make a haughty inspection and order the servant to give the spray gun a few more squirts here and there.

At the traditional meeting in the center of the ring, when the referee is supposed to run his hands down each wrestler's body, feeling for grease (artificial slipperiness is illegal), George always refused to be touched until his valet had sprayed the referee's hands.

After his lace-and-fur-trimmed robe was doffed, George became pretty much a routine heel, although perhaps able to anger the fans quicker than most. He maneuvered his opponents around so the referee could not see him deliver kidney punches with his fist. He gouged eyes and bit ears. He pulled his opponents' hair and screamed foul if foes messed up his own elaborate marcel. Between falls he gazed at himself in the mirror and primed.

For the record, it should be noted that Gorgeous George was not even remotely homosexual. He was a tough man in a barroom brawl, was generally liked and respected by other wrestlers, was very fond of women and was twice married.

"He was a tremendous performer on the mat when he wanted to be," says Promoter John J. Doyle, who remembers one notable night at the Olympic when Gorgeous George threw Jim Mitchell out of the ring, then kicked him in the face to keep him out and won the bout.

A huge man in the audience took off his coat, got through the ropes and charged Gorgeous, who sidestepped him and flipped him heels over head. The crowd went berserk, and one fan was stabbed in the shoulder, but the Human Orchid escaped through a tunnel under the ring without so much as a bruised petal.

That match and others like it at the Olympic were kinescoped and shown later all over the nation, making Gorgeous George a full-blown TV celebrity. (Unshrinking Muhammad Ali has admitted that his own style of conceited ballyhoo was copied from George's.) In 1951 G.G. made \$160,000, and he probably earned close to \$2 million in his career. At least seven songs were written about him, and a former valet, Jack Hunter, now a cab company employee in Houston, still remembers the words to one:

He has an armful of muscle and a head full of curls.

He wrestles with the fellows and thrills all the girls.

A two ton truck with a velvet sheen, Gorgeous George is the man I mean.

He has a chest like a mountain and a face like a dream.

He starts women swooning and makes men scream.

In 1949 George was the star of a movie which deserves honorable mention on any selection of the worst ever: *Alias the Champ*, made by Republic. George's best line was, "Come, little one, it's time for my marcel." He was not nominated for an Academy Award.

In time, George came to believe he was the character he had played for so long. A friend in Oregon remembers G.G.'s return to the Northwest.

"I saw him the last time about 1960," he said. "You'd be alone in a hotel room with him and he'd be acting just like he was in the ring. I had to tell him off a couple of times and remind him to knock off that stuff with an old friend."

George may have been convinced that he was really gorgeous at last, but he never lost his sense of humor—his sometimes weird sense of humor. He loved to play jokes.

"He called them swerves," said ex-valet Jack Hunter. "He'd do anything for a swerve, and even enjoyed one on himself. Occasionally I'd put beer instead of perfume in his atomizer. He didn't mind. He used to say, 'A swerve a day keeps the blues away.'"

continued



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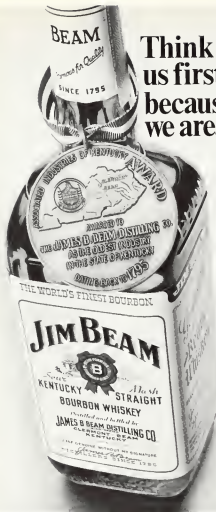
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Gorgeous George *continued*

Hunter was with G.G. once when he stopped somewhere in Pennsylvania to have his hair done. The gorgeous one settled back in the chair, and in the ceiling mirror saw a pair of female legs, skirts raised above the knee—a height calculated to attract attention in those days. While the beauty operator was gone he got up and peeked into the next booth. In a moment he came running out to Hunter yelling. "My heart, my heart!" This time the joke was on Gorgeous. The woman in the other booth was a corpse whose hair was being done for the local mortuary.

For years George had been a heavy drinker, and in 1962 it caught up with him. Doctors told him he could not wrestle any more because of a serious liver ailment, but he kept on drinking and finally was hospitalized. Visitors and other patients lined up outside his room to get a glimpse of the man in the lavender robe on which were painted four orchids. He stayed away from booze for a few months after he got out of the hospital, then went back to it as recklessly as ever. He sold his San Fernando Valley tavern, Gorgeous George Ringside, and the proceeds barely paid off his debts.

In time, his second wife—and former lady valet—Cherie divorced him and took custody of their son. George took up with a kindhearted stripper and went on drinking.

"Sober, there wasn't a sweeter, kinder, more considerate man in the world," said Cherie. "He didn't really have the nerve to do all those things, that's why he drank. When he was sober, he was shy."

"I don't ever regret meeting him and marrying him. When he wasn't drinking it was a good life."

By Christmas 1963, G.G. was so broke that he could not even afford to buy his youngest son a skateboard. Rather than disappoint the boy, he made one himself. But he never got to see it used. On Christmas Eve Gorgeous George was stricken with a heart attack. He died two days later in County Hospital. He was only 48.

Today his grave in Valhalla Memorial Park, North Hollywood, Calif. is marked by a plaque embedded in the grass. On it is carved:

LOVE TO OUR DADDY
GORGEIOUS GEORGE

END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL **NBA** BALTIMORE (51-21) lost three of four, and PHILADELPHIA (50-24) lost three of five, as the Nets moved to within two games of the first-place Chicago Bulls by scoring a career-high 57 in one win, and Hal Greer became the sixth highest scorer in NBA history in another. NEW YORK (49-25) lost two wins and a loss, is now only a game out of second and 4½ ahead of fourth-place BOSTON (42-31), which matched Baltimore's record for the "Nets." The Knicks lost a club record for wins in one series (145) when they edged Detroit 102-99. CINCINNATI (51-17) took Oscar Robertson to win West Chamberlain and Elgin Baylor as the only active NBA players to score 20,000 points; won three and lost one, and DETROIT (29-45) was two and two. MILWAUKEE (25-39) dropped all four and is also due to lose Wayne Embry—a veteran of 823 season games—who will retire at the end of the season. LOS ANGELES (35-31) lost one and one, as Chamberlain pulled down a career record 42 rebounds against the Celtics in a 105-99 overtime win. ATLANTA (44-29) gained half a game on the leaders, going two for two. SAN FRANCISCO (35-18) won three of four but varied in three. SAN DIEGO (30-41) went two to four, being out fourth, and CHICAGO (31-42) had a playoff berth with three and two defeats. SEATTLE (28-46), with a 2-1 week, and PHOENIX (15-39) brought up the rear, the Suns making a narrow win with three losses. "We've got to win more games next year," sighed Doc Van Arsdale.

AAA KENTUCKY (34-29) moved into a first-place tie with MIAMI where the Flaminios were one out of three and the Cardinals lost of five, losing Dampier and David Carter contributing for 46 games—producing eight three-point baskets—in a 121-118 defeat of the Marauders. INDIANA (35-12) rose to third, while MINNESOTA (33-30) fell to fourth—a season low. NEW YORK (31-47) broke another losing streak this one at 10, against Los Angeles 129-112 but is losing Coach and General Manager MAX BAERZEL at season's end. "Max" has been very frustrating. In the West, OAKLAND (30-12) won all three games to remain in first. DENVER (29-24) is one game, and Larry Jones won a record when he scored 30 points or more in 17 straight games. NEW ORLEANS (33-32) further scored one. LOS ANGELES (33-32) further lost. HOUSTON (30-44) lost all five.

ROBINO—LIONEL ROSE of Australia regained his world heavyweight title, defeating Alan Rinklin of Great Britain in Melbourne. Rose returned his right hand halfway through the fight, but being on his own in a split decision. Said Rose: "I gave me a lot of trouble when I fought Hawaii, and I couldn't shake those two men and I'd just become champion."

CURLING—Bud Somerville's SUPERIOR (WIS.) rink successfully defended in U.S. men's title at Grand Forks, N. Dak., defeating Alaska 9-3 in the final.

GOLF—KEN STILL, 34, of Tacoma, Wash. won the \$15,000 Citrus Open at Orlando, Fla. by one stroke over Muller Barber with a 73-hole total of 218.

GYNASTICS—LINDA METHENY of the University of Illinois took first in floor exercise and balance beam and was named all-around champion at the first women's invitational championships in Springfield, Mass.

HOCKEY—NHL. Detroit-Ledroit (40-17-15) gained no ground with a win, a loss and a tie. Vancouver sparkled, getting a hat trick in the 5th game of the Maple Leafs, but Glines Tremblay fought and was sent to Arizona to recuperate from a concussion. BOSTON (27-14-11) was also 1-1-1, as Phil Esposito got his 38th and 40th goals, increasing his league scoring record to 591 points. NEW YORK (33-24-17) won their first one and lost to third, defeating DETROIT (18-35-18), which was 2-1-1. In the Wings 4-2 win over Montreal, Frank Mahovlich scored his 44th and 46th goals. TORONTO (25-22-14), with two wins, a loss and a tie, held fifth over CHICAGO (20-28-21) which was 1-1-1 despite Bobby Hull's 40th and 50th goals. Hull has now scored 50 or more goals in a season for the fourth time in the West. ST. LOUIS (24-21-12) lost two and was one but showed the division championship when second-place OAKLAND (24-32-10) could only manage a tie against two defeats. LOS ANGELES (21-35-18) had two losses and a tie, and PHILADELPHIA (14-33-16) won one and tied two and is now only four points out of third. The Flyers scored Forties Kennedy, who was recently suspended for insubordination, to the Maple Leafs. To date, Kennedy's main distinction is that he leads the league with 199 penalty minutes, as NHL record for Montreal. MINNESOTA (13-35-10) split two, and PITTSBURGH (15-40-19) had a win and two defeats.

HORSE RACING—TOP KNIGHT (34-88), ridden by Murvel Yeates, won the \$144,400 Flamingo Stakes by two lengths over Arts and Letters at Hialeah (Jan. 22).

NODDUBLE (\$10,600), a 4-year-old chestnut colt with Eddie Belmonte up, won the \$145,000 Stars Acacia Handicap by 1½ lengths over Gaiety.

MOTOR SPORTS—DAVID PEARSON of Spartanburg, S.C. won the \$82,300 Carolina 300 at Rockingham, N.C. in a Ford. Bobby Allison was second in a Dodge.

BRING—The horse now advantage was of no avail to the U.S. steers at Vail, Colo., as Austria won the American International Team Racer with future record and the U.S. third (page 38).

ROBISH **REAGENTS**—MIDDELLAH KHAN, representing Boston's Harvard Club, won his fifth consecutive national professional championship in Hartford, Conn., beating his cousin, Steven Khan, 18-8, 13-10, 13-10.

In the U.S. women's amateur singles JOYCE DAY, INPORT of Andover, Pa. won her second title 17-13, 13-8, 14-14, defeating the first Theoret of Bala-Cynwyd, Pa., in Boston.

Harvard couldn't lose in the national intercollegiate games, ANIL NAYAR, a Harvard senior from Bombay, beating Leont Leont, a Harvard senior from Haverford, Pa., 18-16, 15-14, 17-14.

TRICKS **FIELD** **VILLANOVA** led by FRANK MURPHY, LARRY JAMES, MARTY LIQUIORI and ERY HALL, won its 10th NCAA title in 11 years at Madison Square Garden, scoring 46 points to runner-up Maryland's 1710. Murphy, an Irish Olympian, won the fastest 1,000 ever run in the 2nd (1:07.1), but even more remarkable was it over the Garden's track, which has been notoriously slow. James' performance was equally phenomenal. Running against the clock, the Mighty Warren was the 600 in 1:09.2, the fastest ever on an 11-lap track and only 2 off Martin McGrady's world record, which was set in London's superb night-light track. Lagan was the male in a most recent 4:05.3, and Hall won the 60-yard high and was second in the 60-yard dash. At the European Indoor Championships at Rome, DIETER FROMM and BARBARA WICK of East Germany led new world record in the men's and women's 600-meter run—1:40.8 and 1:57.1, respectively. COLLETT BISSON of France, the Olympic champion, led the women's 400-meter mark with a 54.0.

MISFORTS—RESIGNED BOB BOWARD, 41, as head football coach of the University of Maryland after two years and two wins, when his players revolted against his "insidious and brutal coaching methods," which, they alleged, included corporal punishment, threat of loss of athletic scholarships and such abuse as the patching of players.

DIED FRID R ALEXANDER, 86, former Davis Cup player and co-coach of the national doubles title from 1967 to 1970 and in 1977, in Los Angeles.

CREDITS

19-32—Just Kasha-Billy Starr 24, 23—Sherry & Long 29—Sherry & Long, 30—Beth Clinton 43—Taryl Forts 44—Donna Thompson 50—Ing, near 20th Century Fox 52—Amy Cooke 54—JPH 60—Hugh Villal 87—Buffalo Evening News, Joseph Eberhart

FACES IN THE CROWD

JOHN MILLS, a 6'5" junior at Gray Court-Owens (S.C.) High School, has averaged 24.1 points and 21.5 rebounds per game, hitting on 60% from the floor and 76.3% from the line. His best game was against Ford High, when he scored 74 points in a 151-65 win.

TOM RATLIFF, running in the event for the first time, led from the 21-mile mark to win the Beville (Me.) marathon 2:27.48, just 5.03 off the course record. Ratliff, a senior at Gettysburg College, also was the first non-American resident to win the race.

RODNEY GLOVER JR., of Centennial, a mechanical engineer, won the 15th annual Thimblecup, Western Sailing Championships at St. Petersburg, Fla., over 63 competitors, finishing 1½ points ahead of Olympic Star-class gold medalist Pete Barnett.

MRS. SHIRLEY GAVIN, a mother of three from Eagle River, Alaska, won the women's eight-dog team world sled-dog championship at Anchorage, mushing 20 miles in 1:12.44. Mrs. Gavin, who has been racing for 12 years, had previously taken the title in 1966.

DICK DREAD, 18, won the 178-pound novice championship in the Buffalo Golden Gloves tournament, defeating J.R. Williams. A guard on the Lafayette High School basketball team, Dick played a full game, scoring 11 points, the day of his semifinal bout.

ROB CRAWFORD, a senior at Lakeside High, had a 22-0 record and won the Oregon heavyweight wrestling title in the 42 class (schools of 200 to 600 students). Despite breaking his hand in his second match, Crawford pinned all four of his opponents.

BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

TOURNAMENTS

Nine games were played at the NCAA tournament went through its first shakedown (page 28). For the most part form prevailed, but Miami of Ohio, whose 14-10 record is the worst of any team in the tournament, beat Notre Dame 63-60 with a tenacious defense and excellent foul shooting. Mike Wren, a 5' 9" sophomore, hit on 12 of 13 foul shots for the Redskins, who missed just four of 27 attempts, while the Irish, who had to play the second half without high-scoring Austin Carr—he had reentered his ankle—folded on 11 of 27. In the second half of that Midwest Regional, Marquette defeated Murray State 82-62. George Thompson, a speech major at Marquette, had plenty to talk about after putting in 23 points, 14 of them in the second half and eight of those in a quick burst after Murray had narrowed its deficit to 53-50.

Mike Maloy of Davidson was the top scorer during the first-round games. He had 31 points as the Wildcats came from nine points behind and wore down Villanova 75-61. The most spectacular single shot was a 79-footer by Bill Zopf of Duquesne, which helped beat St. Joseph's 74-52. Zopf banked in his tape-measure shot as the first-half buzzer sounded. A third winner in the East Regionals was St. John's, which blew an early nine-point lead and then closed with a flourish to eliminate Princeton 72-63.

DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE AGGIE WHO THOUGHT HE COULD BEAT TRINITY? HE, HE, HA, HA, NO. This was the optimistic banner displayed at the Midwest Regional contest between Trinity of Texas and Texas A&M. Once again, though, it was the Aggies who had the last laugh as they won 81-66. "Neither team had any offensive efficiency," was the way Dayton's Don Deobler understated his 52-50 loss to Colorado State. Offensive efficiency reached its nadir during the final 2:27, during which State made only three of six foul shots, Dayton just one of three. Worse yet, the Rams lost the ball with 19 seconds to go on a careless pass but got it back when Dayton was unable to get the ball safely inbound and then botched the resultant jump ball.

To remind Seattle that it would have to face Willie Sojourner of Weber State, the marquee at the Mission Inn in Las Cruces, N. Mex., was altered. Instead of billing the Sojourners, a musical group that was at the motel, the last "s" was dropped to make the marquee read: THE FAMOUS SOJOURNER TONIGHT. As Seattle Coach Morris Buckwalter checked into the motel he quipped, "You really know how to hurt a guy." So-

journer hurt Buckwalter even more, putting in 17 of his 22 points in the second half as Weber State won 73-73. In the second game of that Far West doubleheader, New Mexico State stopped Brigham Young 74-62.

Colorado (20-6), Kentucky (23-4) and North Carolina (25-3) also qualified for the NCAA tournament by winning conference titles. The last remaining berth goes to the winner of the Missouri Valley playoff between Drake (22-4) and Louisville (20-4). The loser will go to the NIT, which completed its lineup with Army (16-8), Florida (18-8), Fordham (17-8), Kansas (20-6), Ohio University (16-8), South Carolina (20-6), St. Peter's (20-6), Tennessee (18-6), Tulsa (19-7) and Wyoming (19-8). Previously selected were Boston College, Rutgers, Southern Illinois, Temple and West Texas State.

WEST

1. UCLA (25-1)
2. SANTA CLARA (26-1)
3. WEBER STATE (25-2)

With 19 seconds to go, it was USC 44, UCLA 44, when Trojan Ernie Powell passed the ball inbound. With 15 seconds remaining, Powell and teammate Don Crenshaw maneuvered for position on the right side of the key. Five seconds later Powell took a pass, worked behind Crenshaw's screen and prepared for one last shot. With six seconds left his 20-foot jumper went up and then down through the net. UCLA, in a desperate race against the clock, got the ball to Sidney Wicks after two long passes. He arched a shot for the basket just as the buzzer sounded, but the ball caromed off the rim, and so ended the Bruins' 41-game winning streak. UCLA had barely survived the night before, beating the Trojans 61-55 in double overtime, and it would have lost that game had Lynn Shackelford not put in a 25-foot shot just as the first overtime buzzer went off. After the big upset, USC Coach Bob Boyd credited the ball control of Powell, Crenshaw (who had 29 points in the second game), Mack Calvin and Steve Jennings. The four also bounded the Bruins on defense, so much so that Coach John Wooden finally had the 6' 9" Wicks bring the ball upcourt. In another Pacific Eight double overtime affair Stanford surprised California 83-79 after coming from 10 points behind in the last three minutes of regulation play.

Santa Clara beat Pacific 81-69, and then stopped St. Mary's 72-56.

Brigham Young abandoned its usual zone defense in favor of a man-to-man for its play-off against Wyoming to determine which

Western AC team would go to the NCAA tournament. Wyoming led 44-37 at the intermission, but in the second half the BYU muscle paid off and the Cougars won going away, 95-82.

EAST

1. LA SALER (23-1)
2. ST. JOHN'S (23-4)
3. BOSTON COLLEGE (21-3)

It was Coach Bob Cousy's last game at Boston College, and the sentiment and ceremonies blew so thick you could hardly see the game for the tears. Before play started, Cousy was given a gold clock by his players and then—after a five-minute standing ovation—a plaque making him an honorary alumnus. After the game the crowd chanted, "Cousy, Cousy," for 10 minutes before he returned from the dressing room to acknowledge the tribute. But there was more to come: confetti and streamers, a multi-tiered cake and handshakes with hundreds of friends. Incidental to all that was the small matter of the contest with sixth-ranked Duquesne. BC won it 93-72 as Terry Driscoll had 28 points and 17 rebounds. The victory was the 16th in a row for the Eagles.

Rutgers beat Gettysburg 92-77 and NYU 77-74 to tie BC for the longest winning streak in the country, now that UCLA has lost. NYU took a 71-70 lead with slightly less than three minutes left, but Rutgers pulled ahead on a three-point play by Bob Greeson and four clutch foul shots by Jack Penhall.

Fairfield stopped Canisius 90-78 despite 23 points by Tony Manuello. Against Niagara, Manuello scored 35 points as he brought the Griffins back from an early 14-point deficit and won the game 83-79 by sinking four foul shots in the final 15 seconds. Calvin Murphy of Niagara had 25 points, giving him a two-year total of 1,694.

SOUTH

1. DAVIDSON (26-2)
2. NORTH CAROLINA (25-3)
3. KENTUCKY (23-4)

Charlie Scott, saving his best for the last, led North Carolina to victory in the Atlantic Coast championship tournament. He scored 28 of his 40 points in the second half of the only game as the Tar Heels, who trailed Duke by 11 with 17:45 remaining, came back to win 85-74. Earlier, the Tar Heels had beaten Clemson 94-70 and Wake Forest 80-72. Duke made it to the finals by taking care of Virginia 99-86 and upsetting South Carolina 68-59.

Pete Maravich of LSU needed 104 points in his last two games to break his own single-season NCAA record for average points per game (43.8). He started off fast, getting 55 in a 99-89 win over Mississippi State, but against Georgia he had just 16 at halftime. Then he went to work and poured in 42 points in the second half and overtime periods. The Tigers won 90-80, and

Marrivich ended the season with 1,148 points, 44.2 a game.

It was Kentucky, however, that won the Southeastern Conference title—its 24th under Adolph Rupp. Dan Issel had 34 points as the Wildcats stopped Auburn 90-86 and 23 more in an 84-69 win over Tennessee. That was the biggest score against the Volunteers in six years, but they clinched second place by holding Vanderbilt scoreless for 7:31 during one stretch in the second half and coming off with a 70-60 triumph.

MIDWEST

1. PURDUE (20-4)
2. INDIANA (22-4)
3. MARQUETTE (23-4)

The key to the congested Big Eight race—which looked as if it might end in a five-way tie—was the one that let Kansas State out of the film room, where it had been locked in accidentally while looking at movies of Kansas, the team it was about to play. When they came out, the Wildcats got 26 points from Jerry Venable and came away with a 64-57 win. That could have thrown the race into a three-way deadlock, but opportunistic Colorado routed Missouri 92-73 to finish alone at the top. Missouri's strategy was to hold down Colorado's Cliff Meely. It backfired when Gordon Tope hit from long range for 29 points. When the Tigers turned on Tope, Mike Coleman hit on six of seven shots. And Meely got 18 points and 21 rebounds, anyway.

Purdue's Rick Mount, the nation's No. 2 scorer, finished the regular season with a 33.8 average, and the Boilermakers with the highest team average (99.6). Mount had 45 points in a 116-87 win over Michigan, 40 in a 120-76 victory over Indiana. He set a Big Ten scoring record with 493 points, 19 more than Gary Bradds of Ohio State had five years ago. The newest Buckeye scoring threat—sophomore Jim Chalmers—had 37 points as Ohio State beat Indiana 108-86 and 35 in downing Michigan 95-86.

Druke and Louisville warmed up for their Missouri Valley showdown with easy wins. Willie Wise had 33 points as Drake beat St. Louis 93-78. Jerry King of Louisville had 30 points in an 82-78 win over Bradley, and Mike Grosso had 24 points and 21 rebounds as the Cardinals downed Bellarmine 93-89.

Murray State, picked by Ohio Valley coaches to finish in sixth place, won a play-off against Morehead State for a spot in the NCAA tournament, 94-76. Claude Virides had 27 points for the Thoroughbreds, who sank 50% of their shots.

Notre Dame lost its final regular-season game 79-74 to Creighton, which then closed with a 74-72 loss to St. Bonaventure. The Bonnies won their game when Bill Kalbaugh got the ball and scored in the waning seconds.

END



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

UNHOLT ROLLERS

Sirs:

It is certainly a shame when a high-class magazine such as *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* lowers itself to devoting space to a nonsport such as Roller Derby (*Five Strokes on the Banked Track*, March 3).

While it is tragic that "sports" like professional wrestling and Roller Derby should exist at all, it is doubly tragic that people will spend money to see the phony theatrics that these two offer.

Most tragic of all is the fact that Roller Derby's ridiculous "fights," "grudges" and so forth eventually hurt the public's confidence in the legitimate sports.

R. P. GRIFFIN JR.

Milwaukee

Sirs:

I found Frank Deford's article on the Roller Derby interesting. However, I must mention that Publisher Valk, in the same issue, sounds extremely apologetic when explaining to SI's readers why 15 hallowed pages of his journal are devoted to the ramshackle Roller Derby.

I do want Mr. Valk to know that we in Roller Derby sympathize with his situation. Many of our fans were quite upset when they heard that we were permitting *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* to do a story. After all, this publication gives coverage to sissy games such as baseball and tennis.

GERALD E. SELTZER
President
Roller Derby

Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

Ever since I saw my first Roller Derby back in Cincinnati at the old Music Hall in 1937, when a mother-son team skated, I've thought that it was deadly dull and cheaply sensational. My opinion has not altered.

Barnum was right.

D. D. ALLEN

Merlin, Ore.

Sirs:

Many thanks for a fine article. It is clear that the girls in the Derby would not be confused with Miss America contestants. It is also apparent that the men in the Derby lack the pizzazz of a Ken Harrelson, the sheer bulk of a Deacon Jones and the finesse of a Billy Casper.

What came through most clearly to me in the article, however, was the true professionalism of the Derby participants. Recognition of their individual talents is minor, yet they're willing to travel on inhuman schedules in crowded cars to distant tracks filled with screaming ladies. The pay is poor

by professional standards, but they're willing to take (and give) bumps and bruises like a professional fighter. In sum, they're willing to endure hardship and withstand pain solely for the love of the sport. Can the same be said of "professionals" in other sports who spend more time talking about their side business interests than their enjoyment of the game?

DAVE TREADWELL

Brunswick, Me.

Sirs:

You've got to be kidding! Fifteen pages devoted to Roller Derby and four to Vince Lombardi!

TOM BRADY

New York City

D.C. RECRUITS

Sirs:

I enjoyed reading the article on Ted Williams (*The Newest Senator in Town*, Feb. 24) by John Underwood. But I must disagree with Owner Bob Short's reasoning. At least Vince Lombardi is a proven winner. Williams is not—at least not as a manager. I'm not saying Williams will make a lousy manager, I'm just saying the fans will pay to see the players, not the manager. Sure it will be big for a little while, but what after that? Get another big name manager? I would advise Bob Short to use his money to get big name players to play instead of to manage.

CRAIG FOX

Sunnyvale, Calif.

Sirs:

Hooray! The brushiness is back in baseball and Ted Williams is his name! He's still saying it like it is: he accepted the job of managing the Senators because of "my real love and guts for baseball and money." Now there's a manager worth listening to—a welcome change from the drivel that issues from the many public-relations pennant predictors who are passing themselves off as managers this spring.

ANGELO CARLA

San Marcos, Calif.

Sirs:

Ted Williams is still in good form. He arrived in Washington and spit across the Potomac.

JOHN J. LYONS

Chicago

THE BLOOMER GIRLS

Sirs:

Thanks for your excellent article *Let Girls in Des Moines* (Feb. 17). Here in Tennessee girls' basketball is a big thing (SCORE-

CARE, Jan. 27), and I was recently shocked to discover that it is unheard of up North! I am glad you brought the girls out into the light, for not only do they play the game proudly, but they can sometimes play with as much belligerence as the boys, if not more!

HARRY HUFF

Sevierville, Tenn.

Sirs:

The fine boost you gave Iowa's girls' basketball program is one thing, but to do it at the expense of the boys' program is another. We do have boys who can dribble, shoot and rebound, just like any other state. The girls' ability is a bonus no other state enjoys on such a scale.

BOB BROWN
Sports Editor
Fort Dodge Messenger

Fort Dodge, Iowa

Sirs:

Your article on girls' basketball was very well written, and showed the vivid excitement of the sport, but when I think that I might be replaced at guard by a 16-year-old, red-haired, freckle-faced girl with braces who is scoring 33 points a game, I feel inferior and regret that I even read it.

JIM HALLBERG

Lincoln, Neb.

HIGH SCORER

Sirs:

IN *FACTS IN THE CROWD* (March 3) you credit Bob DeHate of Wisconsin as the leading hockey scorer in collegiate ranks. I beg to differ on this count. Army Captain Dave Merhar has the lead by far. In Army's 25 games to date, Merhar has scored 50 goals and 45 assists for 95 points.

The Cadets are now 17-3-1 with two to play. Merhar is recognized as the leading scorer in the East, why not make the recognition national?

FRANK WALTER
U.S. Military Academy

West Point, N.Y.

SKI BOBBING

Sirs:

Gwyneth Brown's article on ski bobsled and the second World Skibob Championship races in Switzerland was most interesting (*Fall on the Saddle our Fast*, Feb. 17). It points out the competitive nature of the sport as well as its recreational attraction, based on ease of learning and safety. There are a couple of points, however, worthy of comment.

The American Skibob Association (not the U.S. Skibob Association) was organized

continued

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10TH HOLE continued

in Nov. 1967 for the purpose of developing ski bobs in the U.S. in a sound and progressive manner. The president of the ASBA is Keith Anderson, a prominent Denver attorney. Bill Cartwright of Missouri, Mont is the U.S. representative of the Fédération Internationale de Ski-bob (FISB), headquartered in Munich, West Germany. The FISB is the sanctioning body for the world championships, which will be held in Missouri in 1971, and Mr. Cartwright is chairman of the committee responsible for hosting the 1971 event.

The ASBA has been actively involved during the past year in educating the various organizations of the ski industry as to the proper procedures for riding ski bobs. Although ski-bob lessons are not necessary, the ASBA does recommend that a basic one-hour course be conducted by the existing ski school to teach beginners how to ride a ski bob without doing unnecessary damage to the slopes, which can happen if they do not ride the device properly. It will also teach them how to ride various ski lifts properly and, most important, point out the rules of the slope and ski-bobber conduct.

The ASBA is also promoting the development of ASBA chapters in various communities as well as in schools. Incidentally, serving with Willy Schaeffer on the ASBA board are Lowell Thomas, John Jay Sr., Lawrence Jump and George E. Garcia.

LEE MACDONALD
Executive Vice-President
American Ski-bob Association
Littleton, Colo.

A MATTER OF MONEY?

Sirs,

As everyone knows, it is impossible for anyone to defeat an opponent in any field of competition—bowling, bridge, golf, basketball, football, etc.—unless all players involved have a substantial monetary stake in the game. You can outscore an opponent, but you can't beat him. It would be interesting to see the list of champions if all opponents had to support their abilities with cold hard cash.

This observation is prompted by your article on JoAnne Gunderson Carner (*Golf's Victory Was No Flake*, Feb. 30). JoAnne can be called the world's best woman golfer only when she competes with her peers for money—not when she can play the game nice and loose with nothing to lose and everything to gain. There is no doubt that Mrs. Carner is a fine player and may be the best in the world, but until this is proved day in and day out, I for one will go along with the gals who drive for show, putt for dough and maybe squeeze the club just a little when they have to make a shot that means bread next week.

DON MCLAREN

Cuboka, Ill.

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